

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL



APRIL
1937

A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

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Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem., **Emmitsburg, Md.**
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April 27, 1911.

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For missions, see section, "The Month with the Missioners."

The Maryknoll Sisters

See Sisters' page for directory.

THE FIELD AFAR—The Magazine of Maryknoll

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Day's End in Hong Kong



Five o'clock



Six o'clock



Seven o'clock



Eight o'clock



Nine o'clock



Ten o'clock

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

APRIL, 1937



Maryknoll Sisters in Fields Afar

By Sister Mary Columba Tarpey, O.P., of Philadelphia, Penna.

WHEN, early in 1921 and soon after our first profession ceremony, the opportunity for actual work on the mission field came rather unexpectedly to us, we Marys of Maryknoll thought we had suddenly tripped over the rainbow's end and stumbled upon its pot of gold. Our beloved Father and guide, the late Bishop James Anthony Walsh, both shared and doubled our joy by personally conducting the pioneer group of six Sisters to distant Hong Kong in September of that year. Ever since that time there has been an annual, and sometimes semiannual, departure of Sisters for the missions.

Although our organizations are distinct, both ecclesiastically and civilly, the trails which the Maryknoll Sisters followed during the first five years were all blazed by the Maryknoll Fathers. Later, as our numbers grew, we accepted calls from other shepherds of souls.

A survey of any section of mission territory reveals much that is edifying and stimulating. We shall try to visualize for you something of the diversity of works which occupy the Maryknoll Sisters in the homeland and in the fields afar. There is scope for all the spiritual and corporal works of

mercy, which so often constitute the wedge opening the pagan heart to the warmth of Christ's love and life.

Land of Morning Brightness—

First, we shall glimpse Korea in the biting cold of December. In Peng Yang, we find a thriving mission compound with buildings in the native style, one story white-washed mud-brick, ranged about "a court" and heated (?) by primitive stoves. These stoves require constant coaxing by concerned stokers, who are warmed as much by their exertion as by the stoves. Here six Sisters divide their services between the native novitiate, the school, the choir and organ of the nearby mission church, and make weekly visits for catechetical work at distant Japanese and Korean chapels.

The Fathers secured government approval for the establishment of a small hospital in West Peng Yang. It is staffed by two Maryknoll Sisters who cheerfully surmount unbelievable limitations of equipment and supplies to minister to a dozen or more of the most destitute cases—one a blind and starv-

The photo above: Smiling through from Korea, "Land of Morning Brightness."

ing idiot found on the road eating mud and stones.

At Yeng You, reached by the South Manchurian Railway and an antiquated bus, the Sisters conduct an industrial school in which a half day is spent in class work and half in sewing, a desirable combination which raises the status of these young women and gives them a remunerative occupation. We try to market their handiwork among friends in the homeland.

Shingishu with a delightful mission chapel, built by Monsignor Byrne and decorated with paintings by a native Korean artist, the brother of one of our Sisters, is located about five hours farther along this railway. Sister Mercy, graduate of Marquette Medical College, gives her mornings to visiting the sick in their hovel-like homes. In the afternoon, aided by Sister Edwardine, R.N., or Mun Teresa, a Catholic native nurse, Sister Mercy conducts a busy clinic with a minimum of equipment. Through the kindness of a benefactor in Ohio, a new dispensary has just been built. Sister and her nurse companion spend Saturday at Hiken, Father Stephen Hannon's mission. *En route* Sister Doctor crosses a shaky wooden bridge over a frozen rivulet and views with

WE ARE IDLE WHEN NOT OCCUPIED IN THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.



professional concern the groups of Korean women who come there, break the ice and pound away at their laundry.

From Shingishu a Ford touring car of unknown vintage carries the hardy and adventurous to Gishu, the scene of our first efforts in Korea. With the aid of a pioneer Maryknoll Sister and a native teacher, a group of student Sisters are concentrating on the difficult language. In addition, they supervise the mission homes for old men and women, catechize, train sodality girls and care for the needs of the mission church.

Manchu-Land

Back to Shingishu and across the Yalu River bridge we find ourselves in Manchukuo with its strikingly different mountainous scenery. At the earnest invitation of Father McCormack, two Sisters have recently opened a convent in Antung. That they are busy is a foregone conclusion, but we await detailed news of their activities.

On the South Manchurian Railway, a ride of five to six hours with a change at Mukden, brings us to the mission center, Fushun. A native sisterhood is being formed from a group of thirty aspirants. Their classes in religion and secular subjects engage several Sisters. Another designs vestments and directs their making. A well patronized dispensary keeps a Sister Nurse busy, and all devote some hours to language study. Here, too, is an orphanage with chil-

Left: A dispensary in the far north, Manchukuo.

Below: A small hospital in West Peng Yang, Korea, where two Sisters care for some of the city's most destitute cases.



Above: Caught in the "Melting Pot of the World," Territory of Hawaii.

Right: Abandoned waifs, at home in the Sisters' orphanage, Loting, South China, grow in wisdom, age and grace.

dren of all ages—the youngest most appealing, rotund in their padded *pshams* and grave and purposeful in their wield-ing of over-sized chopsticks.

Out in the country district of Hopei, over an hour's walk from the central mission, reside three Maryknoll Sisters and three native aspirants. These look after a group of orphans, make house visitations, operate a dispensary and conduct a catechuminate for women and girls who move into the family circle during their period of doctrine study. In the residential section of the city is a mission for Japanese. Through the kindergarten, conducted by two Sisters and a young Japanese teacher, contacts are made with the parents, from which follow home visits and inquiries about the doctrine.

Dairen, Japanese treaty port, has a fine mission Church, a well attended kindergarten, and a school for children of various nationalities, the majority being Russian. In addition, the Sisters teach English in the government high school and to private pupils. In the Chinese section of the city, two Sisters hold classes in Christian Doctrine and conduct a dispensary. They occupy what a visiting Bishop designated as the most apostolic convent he had seen—two very small rooms on the ground floor.

Shanghai—

From Dairen, a small steamer carries us down to Shanghai. Here, in the



suburb of Pei Chiao, Mr. Lo Pa Hong, a Catholic layman internationally known for his charities, has established an outstanding hospital compound to care for three hundred mental patients, the first institution of its kind in China. Previously, the mentally sick were simply shackled or mistreated and driven out to roam the countryside. German Brothers of Luxemburg care for the men, and nine Maryknoll Sisters take charge of the women. This work is extremely difficult and lacks spiritual consolations; but it does teach the pagan the depth of the charity of Christ. There is much groundwork required to educate native nurses, attendants and others in a sympathetic and intelligent care of these unfortunate people.

South China—

We embark for Hong Kong and the mainland of Kowloon on a large ocean steamer. This is the cradle of our work in the mission field and the headquarters of our Sisters in South China. Two well-staffed schools are flourishing there, one in Hong Kong for Chinese girls only, another in Kowloon for students of all nationalities. There is also an industrial workroom which provides remunerative employment and Catholic influence to a group of girls engaged in making vestments, cassocks and altar linens.

By a devious route from Hong Kong, Kwonghoi, a coastal village opposite Sancian Island, is reached. A small steamer makes the trip from this point to the shrine in about two hours, unless, as happened on one occasion, the engineer, on being discharged, walks off with part of the machinery. The substitute is a fishing smack, with sail power subject to capricious winds. For five years Father "Sandy" has valiantly held the fort at this hallowed but isolated spot. Two Maryknoll Sisters were recently assigned there. Father Cairns counts on them to win the women of this difficult mission.

Yeungkong, scene of the Sisters' first efforts in the interior, has an orphanage, a school, and a home for women—many of whom are blind. At Kong-moon, two Sisters conduct a native novitiate, the first organized of five similar works. The joyful first fruits were experienced last year when five of these young women were professed under the

ADD to your daily prayers one "Hail Mary" for all mis- sioners, particularly those who go out from America.

title of "Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary." In Loting and its stations of Lintaan and Loking, three Sisters with the assistance of native help, conduct a busy dispensary, visit the homes and receive an average of ninety abandoned babies a month. For the older children there is a school and industrial work.

reach Kaying, four hundred and fifty miles northeast of Hong Kong. In Kaying City two Sisters are busy about the many concerns of a native novitiate, house visiting and courses in doctrine for catechumens. Up in the valley of Tungshek, surrounded by beautiful mountains, is the language school for Sisters studying the Hakka dialect. Between language classes fruitful hours are spent in village visiting. Four Sisters have gone forth from here and opened houses in Tcheongkow and Shui Chai for direct evangelical work. This means long hikes over rice paddies and

Sister Nurse visiting homes in the Chinese section of Dairen, Manchukuo. The sick, the infirm, and the curious all turn out to have a "look see" at the foreign Sister who has a smile for all.



From Loting by bus, river steamer and junk we come to Pingnam where, under the direction of two Sisters, a native novitiate for the Vicariate of Wuchow was recently opened. Forty girls are enrolled, and an equal number of catechumens and prospective catechists are housed and fed while classes in doctrine are held.

Methods of going to and from places, that provoke laughter, provide penance, broaden education and make or break a philosophy are employed to

through villages for days at a time, living and eating with native women, planting a seed here and there and proffering invitations to a course in Catholic doctrine at the mission center.

Isles of the Pacific—

In answer to the earnest solicitation of Archbishop O'Doherty, our Sisters are conducting three Archdiocesan institutions in the Philippines: an academy in Malabon, suburb of Manila; St. Paul's Hospital in the old Walled City,



Triplets—Faith, Hope and Charity—prize babies at St. Paul's Hospital, Manila, P. I.

ministering to every creed and nationality and maintaining a Social Service Department which garners a rich spiritual harvest; St. Mary's Hall, a hostel for students attending the Government University and other secular institutions. Up in the mountains of Baguio the Sisters conduct a school, maintain a rest and retreat house for women and prepare Igorote children of the neighborhood for the Sacraments.

In the Territory of Hawaii, melting pot of the world, under the direction of the Picpus and Maryknoll Fathers, our Sisters conduct four schools on the Island and a school and home for orphans on Maui—institutions which have grown so rapidly that they have outpaced our supply of teachers. Excellent results have been attained through Girl Scout work, and this year two Sisters from the Kalihi-Kai convent are launching forth in social service work.

Homeland—

On the Pacific coast from Seattle Washington, to Monrovia, California, are four convents, caring for a day nursery, two schools, an orphanage and a sanatorium for Japanese, as well as a retreat house for women. The work among the Japanese in this country has already had gratifying repercussions in

the Orient. Important in itself, it has paved the way for the initiation of mission endeavor in the Land of the Rising Sun, where, through the efforts of Father Byrne, the Sisters are opening a sanatorium at Otsu.

Domestic work at the preparatory

college in Scranton, the care of a rest and retreat house at Ossining, the staffing of THE FIELD AFAR Office, the apostolate of prayer to which the cloistered Sisters at Regina Coeli have dedicated themselves, the Motherhouse and Novitiate, round out a widespread and busy program, showing many types of work and totaling forty-three houses, evidences for our friends and for us of the provident care of God and occasion for thanksgiving in this year of our twenty-fifth anniversary.

We delight to think of our place in the apostolate as that so graciously and inspiringly pictured by the present Superior General of Maryknoll, Bishop James E. Walsh: to the Fathers falls the more arduous work of the preparatory plowing of the field, of opening missions and making converts; to us is given, in a special manner, the forming of converts into Christians and the holding of these Christians in the way of Christ. Men's souls are delicate instruments, subtle things on which to play the melodies of life eternal. Much grace and the indwelling of the Light of Life is needed to supplement and even offset our willing but oftentimes clumsy efforts. Pray God that what He has begun in us may be brought to the perfection of fruition.



At recess time, Sister plays with her minims the game of make-believe. Wee orphans are transformed into elegant ladies with dainty parasols gracefully poised.

"IF THOU HAST MUCH GIVE ABUNDANTLY; IF THOU HAST

Starting with a Radio at Dosing

Father Rauschenbach, of St. Louis, Mo.,
Builds on Curiosity



MISSIONER arriving back in China, after his furlough, to start his second ten years, is supposed to be renewed in zeal, bubbling over with energy and not entirely devoid of material advantages from his year in the States. It is not surprising, therefore, that his bishop, with all the bases covered, sees a faint glimmer of hope and strikes out into new and untouched fields. It was thus, I received on my return, an assignment to start a new mission in the virgin territory of Wat Naam (South Forest), with its center at Dosing (Capital City).

Dosing is a small business center of some fifteen thousand. Its business far exceeds its size; and it is, undoubtedly, the most crowded city on the West River.

It was three full months before we were able to rent a little shop. At that, it was but a makeshift. The shop was twelve feet square, allowing room for a single table and several benches. Here each morning, before we opened, we

A Dosing Boy Scout listens to music sandwiched with Christian doctrine.

said Mass and then took down our portable altar to make space for the reading room. The Chinese, curious by nature, paid us the courtesy of their attention. When we added a radio to our set-up they swamped us. What we lacked for space in our shop we commandeered from the street, always holding a crowd, eight or ten deep, at the doorway.

Our dispensary started when the blacksmith across the street developed gangrene in his arm. We took him in hand, and in ten days he was once more pounding out the *anvil chorus*. His

greatest good fortune followed when six months later he was baptized, becoming our first convert. This was noised abroad and many whose interest had been casual came to make more serious inquiry.

At the request of the local school board we then joined the staff to initiate the youngsters into the mysteries of the King's English. This added the schoolboys to our following, and as our circle of friends increased, we found our quarters much too small.

The National Government of China came to our aid by prohibiting all forms of gambling. Gambling houses were forced to close, and we were able to rent a shop on the main street, where the Chinese had formerly tried their luck by buying "White Pigeon Lottery Tickets." Four times a day, as local merchants and shopkeepers sit sipping (our) tea and smoking (our) tobacco, they read the news and the doctrine of the Catholic Church. Radio news and music from Hong Kong, Canton and Shanghai are punctuated with Catholic doctrine spliced in from the third floor by plugging in a microphone.

Now that we have a good start here at Dosing, we are beginning another mission at Wat Naam, twelve miles up in the mountains. Wat Naam is also a market place where the country people come every three days to sell their produce. With another radio to attract the crowds and a few of the more important medicines, the villagers will hear of the Church, and with God's grace become Christians.



Father Rauschenbach's reading room where he made his start in Dosing

LITTLE TAKE CARE EVEN SO TO BESTOW WILLINGLY A LITTLE."



Above: One of the "waif ladies" of Loting.

Below: The hired mothers report weekly with their charges, each of whom bears a secret marking lest it be exchanged for a less healthy infant.

The Magic Art of Picking Out Your Baby

Father Kennelly of Norwalk, Conn., tells us how the farmed-out waifs of Loting are carefully guarded.



LAST year, Maryknoll at Loting received 1753 babies. Most of them died almost immediately, but some of them lived and from years gone by there are many others who still remain our charges.

How do we care for them? We cannot keep them with us within the narrow walls of the mission so we put them out with women throughout the city, whom we feel are qualified to give them proper attention.

How do we supervise this care, you ask? We require these nurses to report at a set time each week, when the little youngsters are examined and the nurse receives her fee.

And, when the infants are very small, you ask now, are we always sure that they never stray, are never exchanged for others? Ah, you have been reading the newspapers! You are thinking of those strange accidents in some of our own American hospitals when infants

are mixed up and identification seems next to impossible.

We have foreseen this in Loting, because it is true that occasionally a nurse will be offered a sum to substitute her healthy little creature for one that is sickly and dying. Twice I recall this happening and each time we discovered it immediately. We shall reveal to you our magic art of picking out our babies, though to the women of Loting it remains an unfathomable secret.

At Loting, we do not use the toe print or finger print system which modern maternity hospitals employ. Ours requires a needle and some Chinese ink. Out of sight of prying eyes Sister turns down the infant's midget ear or opens up the space between the big toe and its next-door neighbor and pricks the skin slightly, thus tattooing a tiny sign which remains for years. The first move each time the baby comes to the mission is to look for its identification symbol, its hallmark to privileged attention as a Christian!



FIVE DOLLARS WILL RANSOM A CHINESE BABY,

Adventure in Vaccination



N the rare adventure of being vaccinated, the small boy in South China experiences all the thrills of his young American confrère.

In the United States, the experience usually comes on one of those days in late summer when the shadow of school has risen before the child who to that day has always known freedom. Johnnie bares his arm and prepares for that weird moment when the individual with the instrument proceeds deliberately to prick his skin and draw his blood.

Trying to decide whether it tickles, stings, or burns.



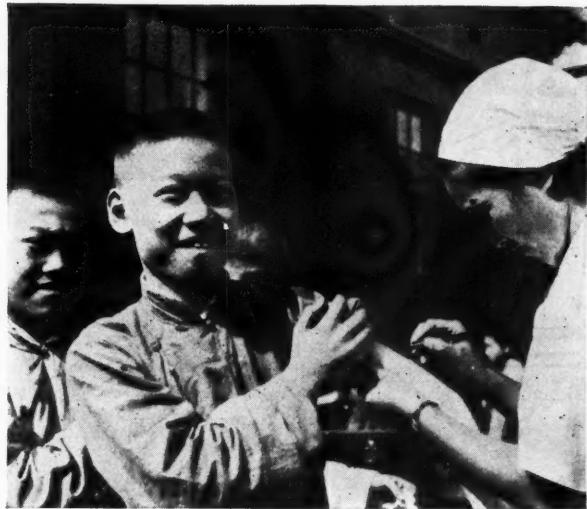
In China, vaccination is not a new idea. Even the simple country folk have long followed the practice of taking pus from nearly-cured smallpox sufferers and injecting it in their young people. This goes by the queer name of "planting the beans" and according to tradition must be done at planting time in the spring.

New China, therefore, found no difficulty in popularizing the use of laboratory serum which is distributed in every province and administered free, principally through the schools. China's modern schoolboys are here seen facing the ordeal in photos, which came to us through a Maryknoll acquaintance of the Pacific Photo Press Service.

Health campaigns have been successful in South China. There are good hospitals in the great centers, nurses' train-

Not hard to divine the thrill which these youngsters experience in their adventure with modern medicine.

With China's medical progress, Maryknoll dispensaries must be well equipped to win respect.



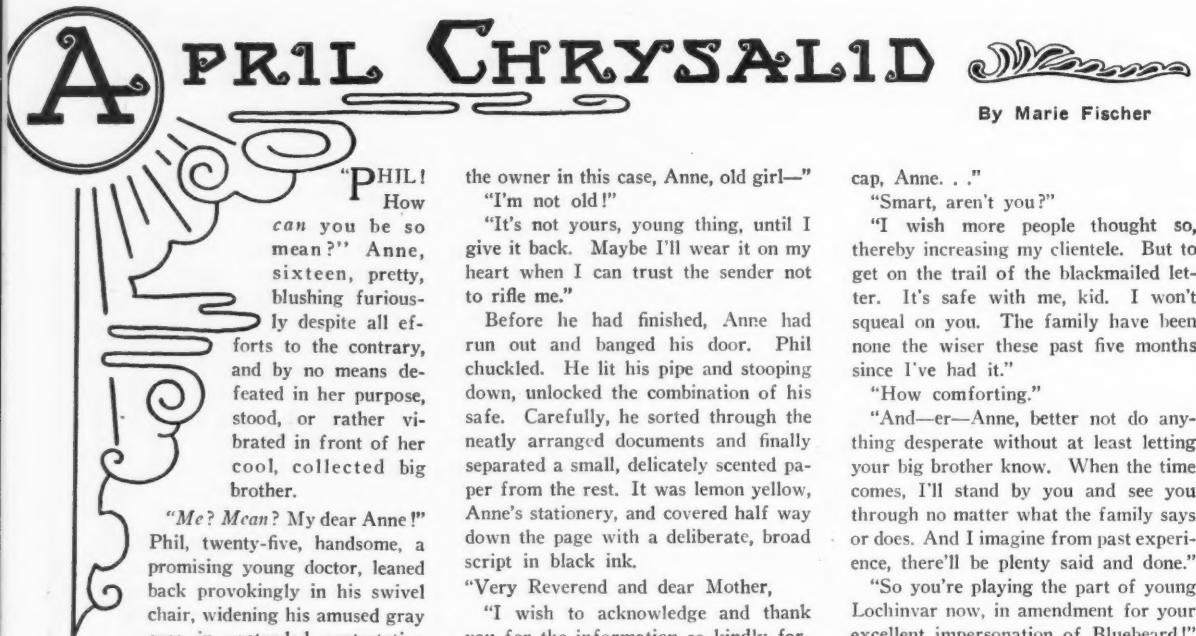
ing schools, and every city of 20,000 or more has at least one modern trained doctor.

Because of the prestige which Western medicine enjoys among the returned Chinese in the neighborhood, Doctor Blaber set himself up at Toi Shaan in the Vicariate of Kongmoon. Toi Shaan is a strategic spot for a skillful surgeon since so many Chinese in the region appreciate true worth in a doctor.

True worth should characterize all medical efforts in China. Nondescript little dispensaries with a few bottles and pills will not impress the Chinese as an adequate expression of a serious medical apostolate.



AND TEN CENTS WILL SUPPORT ONE FOR A DAY.



"Oh, yes—you! You know perfectly well why I'm here, Phil. I want my letter!"

Anne struck the soft carpeted office floor with her ridiculously small umbrella. In view of the fact that the force of her blow dulled in the unresponsive matting, she transferred her aim to the edge of Phil's desk. Phil watched his little sister's action disapprovingly, but his disapproval vanished when he looked at her. The warm wind and the mist out of doors had caught in the gold meshes of her hair, spinning it into an endless variety of twisted curls and ringlets. Anne was April, mused Phil; sunshine and tears; but a very charming April indeed. He grinned squarely into her fiery blue eyes.

"Oh, don't be stupid, Phil!"

"I'll try not to be. Now look here, little girl—"

"Don't call me little girl. I may be a girl, but I won't be—be—"

"Ah, ah!" Phil shook a long finger at her, unmerciful in his teasing. "Who sent me that letter?"

"I won't be cross-examined. It was a mistake, a flat mistake—and what's more, you know it was! That's my letter!"

Phil rubbed his chin. "The possessor is

the owner in this case, Anne, old girl—" "I'm not old!"

"It's not yours, young thing, until I give it back. Maybe I'll wear it on my heart when I can trust the sender not to rifle me."

Before he had finished, Anne had run out and banged his door. Phil chuckled. He lit his pipe and stooping down, unlocked the combination of his safe. Carefully, he sorted through the neatly arranged documents and finally separated a small, delicately scented paper from the rest. It was lemon yellow, Anne's stationery, and covered half way down the page with a deliberate, broad script in black ink.

"Very Reverend and dear Mother,

"I wish to acknowledge and thank you for the information so kindly forwarded to the Unit. The girls are eager to help in your work. As you already know, *I hope in the near future to give my own personal cooperation to the missions by applying for admission to your novitiate.*

"Sincerely yours,

"Anne M. Foster"

Anne had for the past two years or more entertained a distinct and uncanny leaning towards everything Chinese, including laundries and performing acrobats of that nationality. Now, of course, the mystery was solved, in part at least, by the letter. In her haste, Anne had bungled her mail one day at school—she attended boarding school. The letter intended for "Very Reverend Mother" had obviously reached his own office.

Phil made a sudden decision. Perhaps it was rotten of him to keep her in suspense. He reached for his desk telephone and rang up home. There was a click at the other end of the wire.

"Anne Foster speaking!"

"Oh, Anne? Home so soon? This is luck! Phil speaking!"

"Is it?" The familiar voice, pleasantly reserved at first, congealed at the edges.

Phil coughed covering the amusement in his voice.

"Ah, about that bit of lemon fools-

cap, Anne. . . ."

"Smart, aren't you?"

"I wish more people thought so, thereby increasing my clientele. But to get on the trail of the blackmailed letter. It's safe with me, kid. I won't squeal on you. The family have been none the wiser these past five months since I've had it."

"How comforting."

"And—er—Anne, better not do anything desperate without at least letting your big brother know. When the time comes, I'll stand by you and see you through no matter what the family says or does. And I imagine from past experience, there'll be plenty said and done."

"So you're playing the part of young Lochinvar now, in amendment for your excellent impersonation of Bluebeard!"

"Eh? I'm a bit stumped by the sisterly rebuttal. I wouldn't put it that strong, sister Anne."

"Well, I'm glad you have a spot of chivalry left in you." Pause. The sun streamed out from a cloud's silver lining and shot across Phil's desk. "I want my letter though!"

The sun hid again. "Why bother about it? Very Reverend Mother surely must have a duplicate by this time."

"Aren't you clever? Thanks for the condolences! I'd appreciate flowers too!"

That evening, Anne opened the hall door to a uniformed youth who being immediately smitten with the charm of April in person, handed her awkwardly, an oblong box, and stumbled backward into the darkness.

Anne gently untied the silver cord. A small card dropped to the floor. She stooped and picked it up.

"To Princess Anne," it read. "From young Lochinvar, detained by an unexpected appendectomy at the City Hospital. In my absence, accept jonquils. Happy First Vespers!"

Anne's brow puckered. What did the silly mean? Then she giggled. Of course! Tomorrow would be her seventeenth birthday.

On the evening of Anne's seventeenth birthday, the family passed the interval

between dinner and a party by making themselves comfortable in the library.

"Honey, you're growing up too fast!" Dad Foster did what many an aspiring young knight of the neighborhood longed to do. He put his arm about his slim young daughter and drew her down to the arm of his chair.

"Not fast enough for me, Pops!" Princess Anne adjusted her jonquil corsage.

At this point, confusion bolted into the room.

"Hi, Mom! Where's my best white shirt?"

Eighteen-year-old Jim panted at the library door in utter disarray, his hair standing on end, but not with fright, and his socks seeking the lowest vantage point, not out of humility. The reaction of this sudden apparition was catastrophic.

"Mother! Look at him! And guests coming any minute!" Esther, the big sister, glanced coldly from her mother to the unfortunate knight in quest of a white shirt.

"Soft pedal, you there! Sound like a D.T. case." Phil roused himself sufficiently to look up from a medical book. "And I'll be hanged if you don't look like one!"

"James! Will you ever learn to make yourself presentable before appearing in the presence of others?" Mrs. Foster rose despairingly.

"They all take on that way at his age, Mother. He'll learn." Dad was one of the few whom the knight of the shirt failed to alarm.

At this unexpected juncture, Anne took her cue, rising heroically to the occasion.

"Mother, Jim, wait a moment! I've been waiting for the assembled family to come together here tonight."

The family exchanged glances. Anne stood in the center of the room, her aureole of hair suggesting a gold halo about her tilted head. Phil had a sinking feeling it was the aureole of martyrdom, that the dread moment of revelation had at last arrived.

"I thought it appropriate to tell you on my seventeenth birthday that my path in life has been chosen. I made up my mind long ago, three years ago—"

Jim and Phil whistled simultaneously.

"To be a missioner."

The silence was stark and terrible.

"What! Not a missioner?"

CHRIST made sacrifice the test of love.

Jim struck his forehead a sturdy blow, doing the mock heroics.

"Anne, how can you say such a thing? There are plenty in our family—religious, but not one of our family ever made such a decision."

"That's exactly it, Mother. I'm the one."

"Now just a minute—how about me saying a word or two. Look here, chicken, you're just seventeen, aren't you?" Dad usually settled family arguments from the age standpoint.

"Yes, Dad, but . . ."

"All right. Now wait a minute. Seventeen's too young to make any such weighty decision. When you're twenty-one, we'll hear about it again, maybe."

"But, Dad! The Little Flower was only fifteen when she went to Carmel."

"Of course," put in Esther, "to Carmel, not to the ends of the earth. And besides, the Little Flower was sensible."

"Thank you!" April threatened showers.

"Compared to you at seventeen, Anne is Socrates!" Jim was ever on his little sister's defensive.

"When you consider the education Anne is getting, how can any common sense person even think of throwing it away on wretched, stupid Chinese."

Phil slammed his book shut and glared at lady Esther.

"It may be," he said quietly, "there are some Orientals and pagans less up on education and sanitation than others; just as there are some Americans and Europeans. For such, the educated missioner is the only kind of missioner acceptable."

"If you had said, Anne," her father interpolated, "that you wished to teach or nurse or do social service even as a religious here in our own land, even in the old home town, where such devoted service is badly needed, I should see your point."

"I'll not have any daughter of mine a foreign missioner!"

"Mother! Dad—all of you! It's just because there are always those at home to fill home needs, who have the vocation for such service, that I must follow mine. Not many are called to be missioners, and the few who are, should

do their bit."

Anne, her enthusiasm accentuating her loveliness, stood radiant as a shaft of April sunlight in her saffron and silver party gown. Phil's vulnerable heart was touched.

"Look here, folks," Phil's voice was steady, emphatic. "Let our Princess Anne cherish her ideals. Can't we hear her again on the subject after her graduation in June?"

"But, Phil," Anne shook her head and the jonquils nodded too, "my entrance date is set for June!"

Dad Foster glowered: "Who started this thing anyway? Not another word from any of you on missions from henceforth!"

"All hail to the missioners!" Jim ran off shouting.

The doorbell rang. Payne, the butler, whose visage suggested his name, passed through the hall for the fiftieth time that day. Anne, catching sight of him, turned suddenly and fled. The next moment the silent family heard a chorus of young voices and Anne's ready laughter running through like shattered silver.

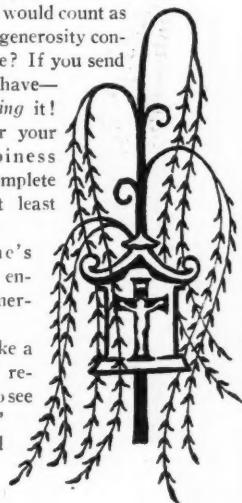
Several Aprils later, Phil sat at his desk comparing two documents. One was lemon yellow, the other plain white. The script was the same, but the signature had undergone a metamorphosis. Instead of "Anne M. Foster," the white page was signed "Sister M. Anne Philip." "Dear Phil,

"I'm writing in haste. We're dreadfully in need of medical supplies for our newest dispensary here in South China. Even samples would count as treasures. Does your generosity continue to grow with age? If you send along whatever you have—or perhaps you'll bring it! I'm still waiting for your coming. My happiness won't be quite complete until you appear at least once—with Jerry."

Phil and Anne's friend, Jerry, had entered on a life partnership that spring.

"Think we will take a jaunt to the East," remarked Phil. "Like to see April in the Orient."

Ann was still April.



Kindergarten Kapers

In which we discover the Japangeles in full career



HOW you ever stand it is beyond me," commiserated a Sister on yard duty at the Maryknoll School in Los Angeles, while depositing a howling bundle before her colleague, best known as "The Kindergarten Sister." The cause of comment was Sumako, a usually spotless four-year-old, now beautifully

folk, who really comprised a day nursery. Led by Teruo, whose deportment bordered on the angelic, the children filed demurely to their places. Evidently, imbued with the haunting sense imputed to a murderer revisiting the scene of crime, Teruo glanced at the recumbent Sumako. Too late, he realized his error! With a wild cry, she pointed an accusing finger at him, reaching the heights of coloratura in her theme song,



streamlined in red—its source, her diminutive nose.

While her teacher hastened to administer First Aid, the victim lay prone upon a window seat yelling, "He thocked me, Thither . . . and you thaide a gem-pumun wat thockth a lady ith bad!"

"Who socked you?" asked Sister, utterly oblivious of any breach of the King's English as she tried to quiet a baby roused from dreamy bliss by the unexpected volume of sound.

"Teruo thocked me," glugged Sumako, as a cold, wet cloth descended upon her nose.

The bell clanged the close of recess, and Sister left her task to admit the Kindergarten, a title of courtesy bestowed upon a group of tiny Japanese

"He thocked me!"

"Aw, why can't yer say 'sock'?" muttered Teruo under his breath, as stern



Mischief rides up in the Maryknoll School bus.

justice in the person of his teacher demanded an account of crime.

While Sister pointed out the heinousness of his offense, Teruo was forced to hold the basin, more ablutions being deemed necessary for his victim. Glumly, he sat on a small chair close to Sumako's feet, resembling a midget Japanese Romeo pondering the fate of his Juliet. Alert to the situation, the lady of his wrath proceeded to emote, an art in which she outranked Katharine Hepburn. So pitiful became her now gentle sobbing that Teruo feared grave injuries. Suddenly, she grew still, her rosebud mouth compressed; her almond eyes closed as though in death. Teruo became frightened. What if she actually died?

At the babies' table, wee Hiroshi gave evidence of an oncoming bilious attack. Sister hastened to his aid. No sooner had she picked him up when there came a heavy crash, followed by an anguished wail. Alas! With one deft movement of her dainty foot, Juliet has swiftly kicked her Romeo.

—S. M. I.

Above: Sister tries putting her squirmers in line, Maryknoll Japanese Kindergarten, Los Angeles.

Right: Brother Bus-Driver's turn to be teased.



A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY IS A SAFE INVESTMENT, PROFITABLE

THE CATHOLIC COMPOSER OF JAPAN'S NATIONAL ANTHEM



*H*OUSANDS of years
of happy reign are
thine;
Rule on, my Lord, till
what are pebbles
now
By age united to
mighty rocks shall
grow
Whose venerable sides
the moss doth
line."

The words, centuries old, of the Japanese National Anthem, and the majesty of its music are suggestive of Fujiyama, symbol of Japan. The composer, a German musician, instilled into it something of the splendor and glory of his own country's national symbol—the beautiful and historic Rhine. The Rhine, in Germany, and Fuji, Japan's *Sacred Mountain*, hold something in common: each is symbolic of the culture, history and majesty of a great people. Something redolent of the Nibelungenlied sounds through the impressive lines of the Kimigayo. Speaking of the Nibelungenlied, perhaps some day a Japanese *Wagner* will cast in dramatic or operatic form the fascinating romance and legendary lore of historic Japan, particularly of its feudal ages.

The words of Kimigayo, taken from the famous Kokinshu, a historical book of Japanese poetry, are addressed to the Imperial ruler. The music was harmonized by Franz Eckert. Mr. Eckert's own statement of how he came to be associated with the national anthem appears in an old number of the Asiatic Society's publication and gives a definite answer to an old controversy as to whether or not he may be called the composer. He said:

"Sometime ago I was asked by the Ministry of the Marines to compose a National anthem, as one did not exist at that time. Having asked for them, I received several Japanese melodies, from which I selected the following. I harmonized it and arranged it for European instruments..."

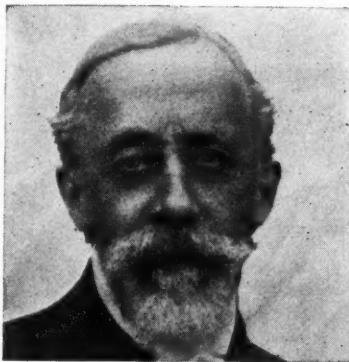
Westerners find Oriental music vague, unmelodious, and without emotional appeal. This is due, perhaps, to

a lack of appreciation, and to the vast difference between the culture of the East and that of the West. Kimigayo is an exception, and this may be attributed to Mr. Eckert's genius. He blended the calm dignity of the Orient with the vitality and emotion of the Occident, making it a masterpiece of majestic, patriotic music.

Franz Eckert, a Silesian by birth, and a staunch Catholic, came to Japan in 1879. He was in the service of the Japanese Government until 1898 when he returned to Germany becoming in Berlin the Director of the Prussian

Military Band. In 1901 he returned to the Orient, this time to Korea where he organized the Imperial Band and became the director. The National Anthem was officially adopted and published on July 1, 1902, having been played for the first time at court on the birthday of Emperor Meiji. Mr. Eckert died in Korea in 1916, leaving a son and a daughter. The latter, Mrs. Martel who resides in Seoul, is well known at Maryknoll for her kindness to our missionaries. Her eldest daughter is Sister Immaculata, of the Benedictine Sisters, and is stationed at Genzan, Korea.

The Japanese National Anthem is sometimes described as hymn-like in character. That distinctly religious solemnity may be attributed to the fact that its composer was a religious man, a member of a staunch Catholic family.



Above: Mr. Franz Eckert, composer of Japan's national anthem, an excellent Catholic whose daughter is now a mission Sister.



Right: Fujiyama, inspiration of the depth and majesty which Mr. Eckert expressed so successfully in the music of the Kimigayo.

THE FIELD AFAR

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



THE hopes and fears of the world were buried with Him in the tomb wherein no man had lain, and the fears waxed and the hopes waned, while the world hung still and breathless on the issue. But with the first light of Easter morn He rose glorious, and heavenly hope rose with Him to shine and beckon and bless, while gloomy fear remained buried forever in the grave that saw His victory. Why is it then that hope and fear still divide the world He saved? It is by the simple cleavage of Christian and pagan, for it is only the hope of the one that can ever banish the fear of the other. May the missionaries of the Risen Saviour bring that vision of hope to the countless souls on whom no Easter Morn has ever dawned.



THERE was an old pastor who used to call his curate Christopher Columbus, on account of the young man's thrilling discoveries of things that everybody else already knew. We have these pioneers in every age, and thus it is that after many centuries psycho-analysis has finally discovered original sin, sociology the existence of the poor, and every man the wisdom of an occasional fast. There is nothing new under the sun, except new generations of explorers. The missions are no newer than Calvary, no stranger than Pentecost, but they also need continual discovery. A chance to be a Columbus finding a new world! Or perhaps a Xavier giving it to God!



The Most Reverend James Anthony Walsh, M.M., D.D., Co-Founder and first Superior General of Maryknoll, February 24, 1867—April 14, 1936

AFTER A YEAR

A YEAR has passed since Maryknoll and its Founder bequeathed each other to God, accepting the separation with some lingering natural regret indeed, yet with the fullest supernatural confidence that to those who loved God all things would continue to work together unto good. And particularly was it expected that he who had been the principal agent in developing Maryknoll according to the mind of God while on earth, would continue to be a signal instrument in keeping it close to God from the vantage of heaven. Maryknoll was not completely orphaned, since it still had a father who would intercede for it at the throne of grace.

Was it a year of progress? The only true progress we know is progress in virtue, and hence we are not in a position to say. But truly it was a year replete with blessings, benefactions and providential dispensations of every kind. Our missions kept on sowing without tears and reaping without fanfare, recording actually the best advances to date. Our benefactors and well wishers at home, seeming to sense our loss, continued to come forward with a cooperation that not only helped us greatly but also touched us deeply. We lost a brave missioner in Father Jones, of Michigan, who left us proud, however, by going to his reward with his work well

SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND HIS JUSTICE — LUKE xii, 31.

done. A splendid young novice gave his life to God and a tradition to Maryknoll when William Engler, of California, was drowned in the act of rescuing a companion at Bedford. On the other hand, the year also saw Father Burns, of Toledo, liberated in fair health and indomitable spirits from his nine months of bandit hospitality in Manchukuo, and it witnessed the almost miraculous preservation of the Assistant General, Father Drought, who tumbled out of the sky in an aeroplane crash, damaging about everything except his smile. The litany could be spun out, but every item would spell the same visible protection of God, and would hint at the invisible watching of our father in God.

Was he then not missed? Never man more so. It was given to few superiors to make so deep an imprint on the souls of those about him, and it was deep because his own union with God was deep. He was a man of many qualities, with a character of many facets, running an unusual gamut from the sympathy and thoughtfulness associated with a mother to the energy and courage more common to a lion. But what is missed most and is hardest to supply was the serene sureness that marked his personality and upon which everybody had learned to lean, a quality born of his profound and gorgeous faith. He had no puzzles. God was the answer to everything, and in God everything fell into place and everybody into line.

There are providential men, generous souls, willing and eager spirits, who never fled God down the nights and down the days, nor down the labyrinthine ways of their own minds, but allowed themselves gladly and from their earliest years to be possessed in full by the divine action, with the result that the mark of God is discernible in everything they do. These are good and great priests put on earth for special purposes, in the world enough to influence it but not of the world enough to be influenced by it, beacon lights of

To Maryknoll

In Memory of Bishop Walsh

"Why stand you, looking up to Heaven?"

WHY stand in darkening twilight sad and wan?
The westering sun, which your reluctant eyes
Had prayed to keep forever gold the skies,
Sheds constant sunrise as the earth rolls on.
Recount his days that with showered riches shone;
Sweep his horizons lit for enterprise;
Know that with death love's sunshine never dies
But finds in gratefulness unending dawn.
The clouds which the ascending Lord concealed,
Grew bright in Pentecostal tongues of fire,
Apostle hearts with ardor to console.
Departing to God's garnered harvest field,
Your father, brother, guide shall still inspire—
Your missioner in Heaven's Maryknoll!

—Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.

guidance, prophets of a better hope, visible links with God, strayed angels loaned to us for a time from heaven which is their natural home. We miss him indeed. But we gave him back to God as God gave him to us.



WHEN God struck down His vessel of election on the road to Damascus, He did not say He would show him what great things he would do for His cause, but how great things he must suffer for His name. The Apostle to the Gentiles truly achieved great things, but he also suffered great things, and indeed as a necessary part of his apostolate, for no man

"LIKE priest, like people," is an old adage, and we should feel our helplessness to win Catholics of America to the world-wide cause of Christ, were it not for the gratifying and ever-extending influence of our American priests.—Bishop James Anthony Walsh.

can preach the Christ of the cross without partaking of the cross of Christ. Missioners quickly learn this lesson. They soon come to regard suffering in some form as a necessary ingredient of success, and they are rather inclined to welcome it. Please do not lose any sleep over their hardships. They do not mind climbing the mountain, singing in the rain, wading in the mud, sweltering in the sun, if they can reach the village. But what does pain and puzzle them is to lack a few dollars for the catechist needed to convert it after they get there. They are quite prepared to suffer; it is a part of their job. They only ask that it be not unavailing.



GOD gives us a portion of His eternity which we call time, so that we may use it to prepare for His gift of eternity. And this gift of time has been termed a sacrament, for it is at least a measure, if not the actual channel, of the grace by which we prepare for His gift of glory. Time is a charted road on which we walk to keep our rendezvous with God.

Nineteen centuries of it have unfolded since Christ was lifted up in order to draw all things to Himself, yet a thousand million men still fail to call upon His saving name. It is not His fault, for He wishes all men to be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth. It is not their fault, for how shall they know without a preacher? It must be ours, who were told to lift up our eyes and see the fields white for the harvest, who were asked why we stood here all the day idle, who were urged to work while it is day.

Meanwhile time is measured, relentless, irrevocable; and it keeps on slipping by. The missions would seize it for Christ. Shall nineteen more centuries be allowed to pass? Or nineteen years? Or even nineteen days? Time is a God given means to people God's eternity.

Our Annual Pause Before The "Auster E



OVERS of year books and graph charts were exultant when the Holy Father remarked in a recent discourse, "We have always found pleasure in pausing before the austere poetry of numbers." So the Pope is partial to statistics!

Once a year we indulge a bit when the reports come in from the mission fields. We have them now at hand and give our annual glance back over the twelvemonth.

Most momentous event of the year for Maryknoll was the passing of its co-founder and first Superior General, Bishop James Anthony Walsh, April 14, 1936. Catholic America has given him a niche in its hall of fame, as one of the foremost pioneers in building the mission spirit in our country.

Father Thomas Frederick Price, co-founder with Bishop Walsh, died in China in 1919 and lay buried at Happy Valley Cemetery in Hong Kong until

a few months ago when his body was transferred to Maryknoll. On December 8, 1936, the remains of Father Price were re-interred beside the grave of Bishop Walsh. Priests and people of America, a score of years ago, knew Father Price for his godliness, his unquenchable zeal, and his exhortations to mission action. At Maryknoll, the names of these two men, like their graves, will remain always side by side.

The Second General Chapter of the Society was called following Bishop Walsh's death and met at Stanley House, Hong Kong, July 16 to 26. At it, another Walsh, Bishop James Edward, of Cumberland, Md., was chosen Superior General. He had to abandon Kongmoon in South China, scene of 18 years of labor, and now holds the reins at the Maryknoll Center.

The Silver Jubilee Anniversary, due June 29, 1936, passed unobserved, due to Bishop Walsh's passing.

year 1937, a reckoning shows that our little company totals as follows:

| | |
|----------------|-----|
| Bishops | 2 |
| Priests | 202 |
| Students | 265 |
| Brothers | 73 |
| Oblates | 5 |

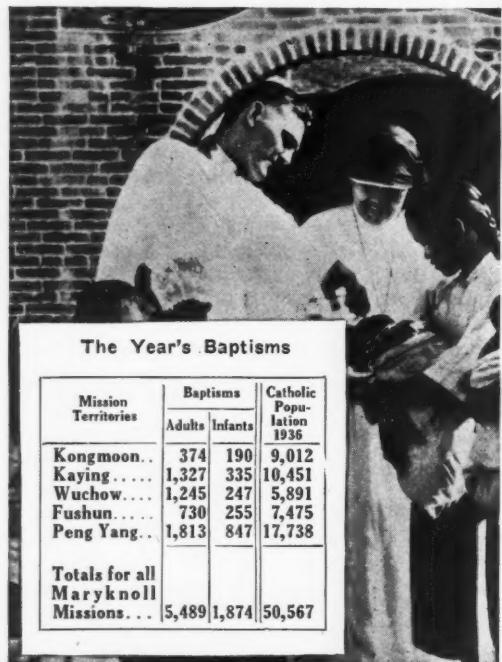
Total 547

The Community of Sisters, Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, which the co-founders permitted to take shape with so much misgiving lest it fail, runs a close second in numbers:

| | |
|------------------|-----|
| Professed | |
| Sisters | 450 |
| Novices | 56 |
| Postulants | 16 |

Total 522

In the Maryknoll



But none who knew its meaning let it go without a prayer of thanksgiving and a feeling of exultation, for God certainly blessed Maryknoll during its first twenty-five years.

As we launch into the



houses of training the year has been one of uneventful application to the task of moulding missionaries.

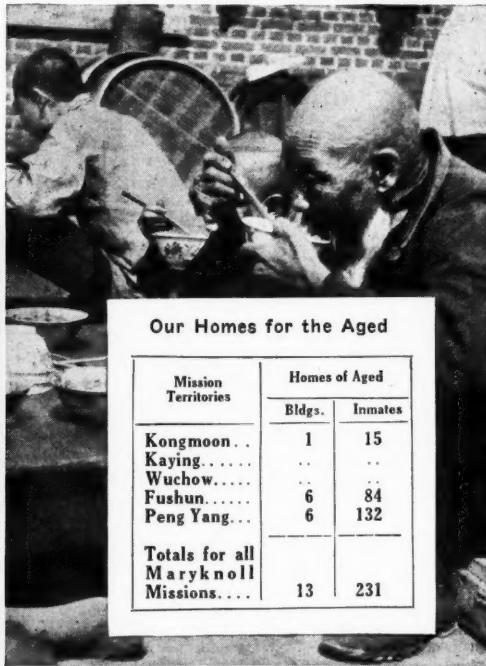
The school year finds 265 on the rolls, distributed as follows:

| | |
|---|----|
| Major Seminary, Maryknoll Center (Theology only) | 89 |
| Novitiate, Bedford, Mass..... | 27 |
| Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa. (Philosophy and Rhetoric) | 91 |

Poetry of Numbers"

Junior Seminary, Los Altos, Calif. 33
 Junior Seminary, Cincinnati, O. 25
 "No important change has occurred in any of these houses except the appearance of new rectors in three out of the five. Father Thomas

hind the strivings of every Maryknoller in whatever capacity he may labor.



Our Homes for the Aged

| Mission Territories | Homes of Aged | |
|--|---------------|------------|
| | Bldgs. | Inmates |
| Kongmoon .. | 1 | 15 |
| Kaying..... | .. | .. |
| Wuchow..... | .. | .. |
| Fushun..... | 6 | 84 |
| Peng Yang... | 6 | 132 |
| Totals for all Maryknoll Missions.... | 13 | 231 |

Walsh, of Kokomo, Ind., is now in charge at Clarks Summit; Father Ernest Mailhot, of Quebec, Canada, at Los Altos; and Father Arthur Merfeld, of Doughtery, Ia., at Cincinnati.

Maryknoll in Detroit has launched into life, warmly encouraged by the regretted Bishop Gallagher, who passed away in January. As we prepare to go to press, arrangements are being concluded for still another Maryknoll, this one at Akron, Ohio, in the Cleveland diocese under Bishop Schrembs. We shall have more to say of it later.

This has been another year of consoling progress in the missions. The Catholic population has grown by 6,000, thus bringing the total to over 50,000. Most of this growth has come through adult conversions, which are the goal of all mission efforts, the purpose be-

| Mission Territories | Dispensaries | |
|--|--------------|----------------|
| | Bldgs. | Consultations |
| Kongmoon*.. | 14 | 52,398 |
| Kaying..... | 17 | 26,450 |
| Wuchow..... | 5 | 28,172 |
| Fushun*.... | 3 | 18,032 |
| Totals for all Maryknoll Missions.... | 39 | 125,052 |

* A Hospital with 22 beds and a Leper Asylum with 37 inmates.
 ** A Hospital with 18 beds.

ungratifying of all Maryknoll fields, the results there have long been almost discouraging.

Much comment is unnecessary regarding the other statistics which appear in their photoed tables here. Please note that there are now a thousand persons, religious and lay, laboring in the six Maryknoll missions, of whom 199 are Maryknollers. School enrollment approaches almost 10,000, with over 4,000 in the banner field of Peng Yang. Dispensaries touched the 125,000 mark in their service to the sick. Most notable charitable venture of the year was the Gate of Heaven Leper Asylum, now harboring 307 lepers.

So from statistics a meditation:

"I am the vine; you the branches: he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit." St. John xv, 5.

| Mission Territories | Priests | | Brothers | Sisters | | Catechists | Teachers | Baptizers |
|--|------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|------------|------------|------------|
| | Foreign | Native | Foreign | Foreign | Native | | | |
| Kongmoon..... | 25 | 1 | 4 | 9 | 7 | 103 | 25 | 22 |
| Kaying*..... | 26 | 6 | | 12 | | 87 | 24 | 33 |
| Wuchow*.... | 19 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 8 | 99 | 15 | 6 |
| Fushun**.... | 24 | 5 | 2 | 25 | 3 | 53 | 46 | 73 |
| Peng Yang..... | 25 | 4 | 4 | 22 | 9 | 72 | 79 | 133 |
| Totals for all Maryknoll Missions.... | 119 | 17 | 11 | 70 | 27 | 414 | 189 | 267 |

* Bishop. ** Prefect Apostolic.

In the Society's territory in Japan there are 10 Maryknoll priests and two Maryknoll Brothers. There are 2 priests and one Brother in Hong Kong, one priest in Peking, 3 priests in Manila, 3 priests in Honolulu.

THE MONTH WITH

Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 150 priests and 15 Auxiliary Brothers, laboring in six territories, each the equivalent of a small diocese. These are: 1. Vicariate of Kongmoon; 2. Vicariate of Kaying; 3. Prefecture of Wuchow (all three in South China); 4. Prefecture of Fushun in Manchukuo; 5. Prefecture of Peng Yang in Korea; 6. Japanese Mission about Lake Biwa, Japan.



THE MISSION: Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo, 37,000 square miles in area, the size of Kentucky. Population 2,500,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. R. A. Lane, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Lawrence, Mass.; Fr. J. J. Walsh, of Conn.; Fr. Kaschmitter, of Idaho; Fr. Geselbracht, of Ill.; Fr. Hewitt, of Md.; Frs. Comber, Gilbert, Henry, A. Murphy and E. Ryan, of Mass.; Fr. Hohlfeld, of Neb.; Fr. Quirk, of N. H.; Frs. Escalante, Flick, Haggerty, Murrett, J. O'Donnell and Ziembka, and Bros. Benedict and Peter, of N. Y.; Fr. Clarence Burns, of Ohio; Frs. G. Donovan and Mullen, of Pa.; Fr. Weis, of Wis.; Fr. Jacques, of Canada; and Fr. J. McCormack, of Ireland.

Central address:
Catholic Mission, Fushun,
Manchukuo

The Mode in Vogue—

Fushun musical circles report that Father O'Donnell has turned *prof* in the field of chant. Every Wednesday evening, regardless of weather, personal inclination, or Solesmes competition, this Dom Mocquereau of the East can be seen carrying his class of 25 Japanese young men and women over the arses and theses of Gregorian mountains by means of graceful chironomy. Although only one half of the pupils are Christians, it was a unanimous request for instruction in Church music that encouraged Father O'Donnell in this



These six territories embrace 142,000 square miles and contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls. They are twice the size of the New England states and number over three times the population of New

venture, hoping, of course, that St. Gregory will reward their tribute to his art by obtaining for them the light of Truth.

As a side-line, though parallel in purpose, Father O'Donnell conducts a kindergarten which is attended by 29 children. It is believed that these little missionaries will do much to break down the Faith-resistance of their non-Christian parents.

Stepping Again—

In the steps of social celebrities Father Burns went South for the winter—not to the Riviera, nor to Palm Beach, to be sure, but South in China. His recent tour, sponsored by the Big Bad Bandits seems to have left him with the need of a build-up, all his protests to the contrary notwithstanding. As soon as the doctor releases him he is due to return to his mission work.

Manchu Stream-Lines—

An eloquent native priest, Father Chang, occasionally helps out in Father Quirk's parish, and on such days the steady stream of penitents allows the priests only a short intermission at dinner time. Once a year, after an examination in catechism, the pastor gives each Christian a card. These must be filled in and given to the priest hearing confessions, who finds them useful in checking up on the beliefs and practices of the newly baptized, and in arresting the growth of heretical tendencies.

Laundry Checks—

One of our Manchu-Knollers has unearthed the probable origin of the Laundry Check system:

MISSIONERS

England. They include 50,600 Catholics, of whom 5,600 adults are last year's converts.

The center for the South China missions is Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, though each field has its central address as given below.

The Maryknoll Fathers likewise have a parish in Honolulu, special student work in the Philippines, and two parishes among the Japanese on our Pacific coast.

"Back in the Chou Dynasty (before 235 B.C.), when a contract was made, it was written in duplicate on the two ends of a stick of bamboo. The bamboo was broken and one end retained by each party. The fitting of the broken ends was the authentication of the contract. In like manner, when the Emperor bestowed a patent of nobility, the token was one half of a broken piece of jade, the other half being kept in the imperial possession. With the advent of the Emperor Huang (296 B.C.), the unifier of China and the builder of the Great Wall, bamboo and jade gave place to seals and seal impressions."

That tiny scrap of cheap paper, inscribed with unreadable characters which we receive in exchange for our soiled linen, seems to be a far cry from jade. Yet time—and the depression—have wrought even greater changes!



THE MISSION: The field about Lake Biwa, Japan. Population 1,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Very Rev. P. J. Byrne, *Superior*, of Washington, D. C.; Fr. Witte, of Ind.; Bro. Clement, of Kan.; Frs. Briggs, J. Daly and Mackesy, of Mass.; Frs. McKillop and Whitlow, of N. Y.; Fr. Boesflug, of N. D.; and Fr. Felsicker, of Wis.
Central address:

Maryknoll Fathers,
53 Nishiki, Otsu, Japan

BE A MISSIONER AT HOME. SUPPORT A

Will You?—

We think they will buy the place soon—that is if they can barter with the coin of enthusiasm. Father Byrne glows with local pride in his latest dispatch.

“We have been in our mission about a year and a half, and thank God the road ahead is gradually beginning to come out of the mist and from dimly guessing ‘whar we’s at,’ we are coming to know ‘whar we’s gwine.’ The padres here are firmly convinced they are in the finest mission with the finest people on earth. The folks we live among are simple home-loving bodies who extend to us foreigners great courtesy.”

In speaking of the tuberculosis sanatorium that should be ready for occupancy in the Spring, Father Byrne continues:

“There is nothing we can do here in Japan, (where schools and ordinary hospitals abound in plenty) that will accomplish so much good, and help spread the Faith so rapidly as a sanatorium for these victims. In one section alone of our mission field, there are 1500 deaths every year from tuberculosis. Before we can have congregations we must have a wedge to crack the surface of this people’s apparent indifference to our Faith, and there’s no doubt about it the sanatorium is the wedge that has been found to work, and the only wedge that is really effective. Please say a little prayer for the Maryknoll mission in Japan, will you?”

Outdoor Advertising—

In the large cities of our own country it is not an uncommon sight at the noon hour to see a day-laborer carefully unfold a newspaper, and produce from within its mysterious folds a sandwich or two, and perhaps a piece of apple pie (it is always *apple*). When the food has been consumed, the intellectual appetite of the man is appeased by a perusal of the paper that protected his lunch.

The Otsu version of this custom was introduced by Father Briggs when he invited sixty children to a picnic. Although the delicacies were not wrapped in paper they were accompanied by a page of the catechism. The success of this Briggs-onian strategy remains to be seen; meanwhile, the pastor hopes with a great hope.



THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kaying, Kwangtung Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, three times the size of Connecticut. Population 2,600,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frs. Quinn and Rhodes, of Calif.; Fr. C. Murphy, of Conn.; Fr. O’Brien, of Ill.; Frs. Bush, Callan, Donaghy, Gallagher and Welch, of Mass.; Fr. Gleason, of Mo.; Frs. Dennis, Hilbert, P. Malone, T. Malone and Youker, of N. Y.; Frs. F. Donnelly, T. Donovan, Downs, Driscoll, McClarnon, J. McCormick and J. O’Donnell, of Pa.; Fr. O’Day, of R. I.; Fr. Eckstein, of Wis.; and Fr. M. Murphy, of Canada. Central address:

Catholic Mission, Kaying,
via Swatow, China

Kaying in Erie—

Father William Downs, Society Superior in Kaying now on decennial, found Bishop Gannon very kind and has spoken in several churches in Erie, Pennsylvania. Father Downs was a priest of the Erie Diocese before joining Maryknoll in 1920. He has been in Kaying since 1925.

The Model—

Father Eckstein, of Kaying City, really presents a most accommodating figure to his fellow priests in the States, whose sacristy closets are bulging with discarded vestments. He guarantees that he can stretch or shrink to any length, and expand or inflate to any width, within the ordinary human dimensions. The color of the vestment that might prove glaringly offensive to an American congregation is softened on its voyage o'er the Pacific, while a faded one is brightened when viewed through Oriental eyes. A threadbare edge is transformed into the finest cobwebby fringe, while patches are a mark of distinction. In brief, just so long as they are vestments.

P.S. Missals make good packing, as well as handy acquisitions for the missioner who finds it difficult to carry them from one mission station to another.

Buddha’s Mountain—

Sometimes a missioner is more terrifying to a child than a horde of bandits or wild animals, or both. At least Annie Wong found it so.

Little Annie, an only child, lived with her parents in a solitary mud-brick house, in the mountains where only tigers preyed. Their neighbors were the bandit gangs who had their headquarters close by. So close, that Annie’s social instinct prompted her to visit them. Although the bandits never returned the call, a warm friendship developed between the child and the *boogey-boo men*.

One day, a strange old man with long whiskers appeared on the road between the two houses. He presented such an unusual sight to the child that she fled in alarm. The bearded gentleman proved to be the kindest and best of French missioners. In time, however, he won the child’s confidence, and when she was old enough, arranged for her schooling in a distant village.

The Maryknoll Sisters, who are opening a Chinese sisterhood in Kaying, expect to welcome Annie as their first aspirant.



THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, South China, 40,000 square miles in area, in size, half of Indiana. Population 6,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. A. J. Paschang, *Administrator*, of Martinsburg, Mo.; Frs. Kennelly, James Smith and J. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Churchill, of Iowa; Fr. Farnen, of Md.; Frs. Cairns, Chatigny, F. Connors, J. Fitzgerald, Lavin, Lima, McDermott, Paulhus, and J. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. Mueth and Rausenbach, of Mo.; Frs. Burke, Feeney and J. Smith, of N. Y.; Frs. C. Burns and Dietz, and Bro. Lawrence, of Ohio; Frs. Jos. McGinn and O’Melia, and Bro. Michael, of Pa.; Frs. John McGinn and O’Neil, of R. I.; Fr. Weber, of Wis.; Bro. Anselm, of England; Fr. Bauer, of Germany; Fr. Heeskerk, of Holland; and Fr. Tierney, of Ireland.

Central address:
Catholic Mission, Kongmoon,
Kwangtung Province, So. China

MARYKNOLL PRIEST AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY.

Going Up—

After three years of patient unravelling, Fathers Sweeney and Connors have finally reached the end of the Government red tape that encircled and entangled the property at Ngai Moon. As a result, these two caretakers of the lepers may now be seen commuting regularly from their present miserable mat-shed village to the site of the new leper colony where they supervise the construction of the chapel, houses, and little hospital. According to the contract, all should be in readiness for the first two hundred tenants on the Feast of the Assumption.

Work on the chapel is progressing rapidly, thanks in large measure to a gift received for this purpose.

It is estimated that each house will cost \$800.

The Fortune Teller—

Fortune-telling is always a great drawing card with the Chinese, but in the deft hands of a certain catechist in Kochow, who exposes its tricks and fallacies, it becomes the ace of trumps. Before his conversion, this man was famed for his powers of divining the future with the aid of tea-leaves, joss sticks and playing cards. But now that his own intellect has been enlightened, he plies his trade in reverse, as it were. Preceding the missioner to villages where a priest has never been before, he attracts the crowds by a demonstration of his tricks, and then shows them how it was done. When the audience is overwhelmed with admiration and confidence, the one-time destiny diviner prepares them for the missioner's coming.

Sailing Home—

His life of seafaring romance almost ended in disaster when Liu Cheung, a sixty-five year old fisherman discovered that leprous blotches were beginning to appear on his body. Leaving his wife and family lest they contract the disease, he wandered about living as best he could, until someone told him that he could be treated and cared for at the Gate of Heaven Leper Asylum. In sheer desperation, he sought a refuge there, away from the pure sea air that he loved.

After two brief years, Father Con-

Maryknoll Associates

All FIELD AFAR subscribers are Maryknoll Associates. This is our gift to you. But without being a FIELD AFAR subscriber you may enroll yourself or another, living or dead, as an Associate Member. The offering is small, fifty cents yearly, and members share in the Masses and prayers of all Maryknollers.

nors writes consolingly of Liu Cheung's last days: "Calm and peace came to his stormy soul in the wondrous good tidings of the Incarnate God become a Child for him—greater than all the legends of the seafolk or the messages of sky and stars. He died happily in the first days of autumn. Eagerly, he went to sail the heavens and meet Peter, the fisherman, and Joseph, who no doubt could build boats, and the Mother, 'purer than foam on central ocean tossed,' and the Babe found by the new star of Bethlehem."



THE MISSION: Prefecture of Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, South China, 30,000 square miles in area, the size of Maine. Population 5,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. F. Meyer, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Davenport, Ia.; Fr. Glass, of Cresco, Ia.; Bro. Francis, of Md.; Frs. Cunnane, Foley, Gilleran, Keelan, Lacroix, MacRae, Mulcahy, Regan and E. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. T. Daley, Dempsey, Gilligan, Kupfer, McLoughlin, Romaniello and Schulz, of N. Y.; Fr. Sprinkle, of Ohio; Fr. P. Donnelly, of Pa.; and Fr. Tennien, of Vt.
Central address:

Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
Kwangsi, China

Getting Rid of Boat Fare—

The trouble at Yunghui has been that there were too many Catholics to leave them Mass-less, and no way to provide the Mass. True, Yunghui is not far from Wuchow City, but the boat fare was too great to require the Catholics to make the journey. Now, Father Gilleran has received the mandate to

move to Yunghui, and Wuchow has still another resident station.

Within a year we should have 300 baptized followers at Yunghui.

Destination Unknown—

In a eulogy delivered recently at a funeral Mass in Pingnam, Father Kupfer admonished the congregation to pray for the deceased, suggesting, rather delicately, that otherwise, the young man might be detained in Purgatory.

After Mass, the catechist, according to custom, arose to speak to the people. Father Kupfer has not been able to determine whether it was due to his natural flair for the dramatic, or whether he thought his pastor had not been sufficiently explicit. But for whatever reason, the Catechist was heard to elucidate in unmistakable language: "It is also possible that the soul of the young man went directly to heaven—or directly to hell."

Linguist and Builder—

Father Sprinkle must have equipped himself in the language school with a vocabulary aimed at transforming mission headquarters from rickety old houses to habitable edifices. This is what he has accomplished at Watlam. He impatiently awaits the time when his oratorical powers will instigate the erection of a chapel and women's catechumenate. In the meantime, he is resorting to his native tongue to plead with friends at home for these much needed buildings, and views with holy envy his neighbors, Fathers Regan and Glass who have laid the foundation for their mission at Laipo. Eventually, it is possible that this compound will embrace the native convent where the Mandarin-speaking vocations will be nurtured by our Sisters.

Smile Meets Smile in New Rochelle—

Father John Romaniello came down from his beautiful mountain country of Kweilin and sailed to the U.S.A. a few months ago, a routine procedure for every Knoller ten years in China. New Rochelle, New York, received him smiling, infectiously beaming back on him in his own style

Establish a memorial for a loved one. One thousand dollars will build a country chapel.

DON'T ONLY PAY FOR A



THE MISSION: Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea, 20,000 square miles in area, in size, half of Indiana. Population 2,800,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. W. R. Booth, *Administrator*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fr. L. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Markham, of Ill.; Frs. Pospichal and Steinbach, of Iowa; Frs. Chisholm, Connors, Hunt, Peloquin, Plunkett and M. Walsh, and Bros. Raymond and William, of Mass.; Frs. Petripen and Barron, of Mich.; Fr. Craig, of Minn.; Bro. Joseph, of N. J.; Frs. Borer, Carroll, Cleary, Gibbons, S. Hannon, Hardin, Nolan, Pardy and J. Ray, of N. Y.; Frs. Cappel and Kramar, of Ohio; Bro. Augustine, of Pa.; and Fr. Duffy, of Ireland.

Central address:
Catholic Mission,
P.O. Box 23, Peng Yang,
Korea

Scotland Yard in the East—

The long arm of justice stretches over the aeons in Peng Yang. Four years ago one of its young men stole into the convent, and then stole out again weighted with a large quantity of rice. The Sisters had practically forgotten the incident until recently, when a suspect was brought to the convent, bedecked with iron bracelets and escorted by two uniformed gentlemen. With apologies to the Sisters for the intrusion, the Officers-of-the-Law proceeded to re-enact the big rice crime. The accused, mildly amused, admitted the theft, and then the trio departed for parts unknown. But to date, the rice has not been returned to the storeroom.

Yeng You—

Father Hong, a native Korean and the diplomat-mediator, who gave invaluable assistance to the missioners when they were negotiating with the Government for teaching privileges in their schools, is now working on a plan whereby he hopes to facilitate the teaching of Catechism. A simplified method would be more practical, he believes, for both the Sister-teachers

and the eager pupils.

One of the Japanese teachers from this same school came to the Sisters' Convent, recently, and asked for help with his music. He prolonged his visit to practice the instruction on their piano. The Sisters hope that some day he will stay long enough to be baptized. After all, it is not such a lengthy ceremony.



THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. W. A. Fletcher, of Fall River, Mass.; Frs. A. Hannon and J. R. Hughes, of N. Y. Address: St. Rita's Hall, Taft Ave., Manila, P. I.

Malabon Children Catechists—

At a recent meeting of the Catholic teachers employed in public schools, they were asked by the Reverend Moderator to cooperate with the children catechists in spreading the Faith. Teachers themselves are not permitted to introduce religious topics into the curriculum. Just as in Mexico, where the Church is strengthened by the ardent zeal and apostolic work of young boys and girls who go about instructing those of the laity whom the priests are unable to reach, so these youngsters in the Philippines do untold good in disseminating Catholic doctrine.

Prodigals Return—

Sick calls and the administering of Baptism at St. Paul's Hospital seem to be the order of the missioner's day in Manila. The majority of the patients postpone entrance into the hospital until their case is beyond medical aid. This may be the inscrutable way of Divine Providence, for almost invariably these patients receive the gift of Faith, or of repentance, before dying.

An Installment Plan

Send in ten names for enrollment in a group Perpetual Membership with your first offering of two dollars. Payments of two dollars may be sent each month until the fifty dollar offering has been completed.

Address: Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll, New York

MISSIONER; PRAY FOR HIM TOO.



THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. G. C. Powers, of West Lynn, Mass.; Fr. J. Murray, of Cambridge, Mass.; Fr. E. Halloran, of Buffalo, N. Y.; and Bro. Marius, of Kearney, N. J. Address: Sacred Heart Rectory, 1901 Wilder Ave., Honolulu, Oahu, T. H.

The Lamplighter—

Sister anxiously awaited her little pupil, fearing an accident had delayed him. Finally, from the window, she saw a large object, almost completely hiding its human propeller, careen around the corner. "Tiny Tim" struggled bravely on beneath his burden, and when he reached the convent door presented Sister with his bundle, adding that it was from his father. Undoing the wrappings, Sister was delighted to find a lamp, and though grateful, wondered what was the occasion of the gift. She had not long to wait for the reason, for when the lesson began, the child strained his eyes to read the notes, and then volunteered: "I told my father I could not see very well when I was taking my lesson."



THE MISSIONERS, Los Angeles:

Fr. Lavery, of Conn.; Bros. Paul and Theodore, of Mass.; Bro. Ambrose, of Holland. Address: Maryknoll Fathers, 426 So. Boyle Ave.

THE MISSIONERS, Seattle:

Fr. Tibesar, of Ill.; Fr. Joyce and Bro. Adrian, of Mass.; Bro. Charles, of N. Y. Address: Maryknoll Fathers, 1603 E. Jefferson St.

Innovations—

Father Tibesar is happy to find that the Japanese are gradually receiving the recognition that they deserve in Catholic circles of this country. Two of his Nipponese parishioners graduated from the Columbus School of Nursing this year, and three more are there in training, while another young lady has been admitted to the Providence Nursing School.

KNOLL NOTES—A Call For Books

BEWARE of the man of one book." But, unfortunately, it has to be the right book. When Herr Professor glowers down at his innocent seminarian lambs and says, "Look it up!" woe to the lambs if, whether their book possessions are one or one hundred,

they have not the book which covers the point. There is a trek to the library and what dismay when it is discovered that even the library lacks a work which could provide the desired information. This has happened at Maryknoll, though we are striving constantly

to fill the voids in our book treasures.

From Maryknoll's earliest years both priest friends and the laity have recognized the book needs of an institution such as ours and have found pleasure in providing us with whatever they could spare. We invite all, both old friends and new, to continue the good practice.

One of the few portions of the Maryknoll seminary which have been completed is the library. It is extremely attractive, with its wooden pillars supporting sturdy roof beams also of wood, the whole enlivened by the artist's work in polychrome.

We could not afford modern steel equipment and hence we satisfied ourselves with plebeian wooden shelves. There is no great fire hazard since the building is of stone and cement.

On these shelves we have gathered to date gifts in books to the total of 24,000. The works treat principally of ecclesiastical subjects, but topics of secular culture are also well represented. Most of the books have come as miscellaneous collections from the homes of priests or laymen, but there have been gifts of valuable specialized libraries, such as the Church History collection of Doctor Phelan, long the Maryknoll Professor in this subject. Another 25,000 volumes will provide us with sufficient works to fill our more important needs.

The major seminary library is far from complete, but the most urgent appeal comes from Maryknoll College near Scranton, Penna. The requirement for recognition of the College by Pennsylvania authorities, in order that our future priests may secure Arts degrees, is a library of 10,000 volumes. Until now we have secured only about 3,000 books. The principal needs are:

1. Standard reference works.

Photo: The Maryknoll Seminary library which needs another 25,000 volumes.

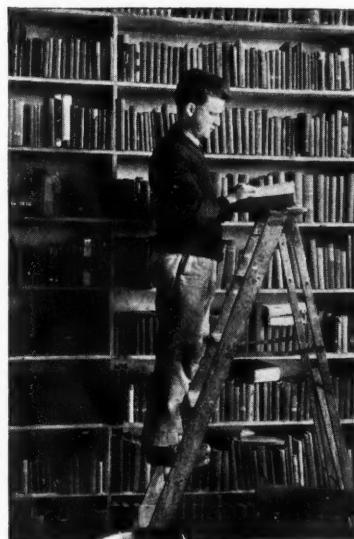


IF YOU CANNOT GIVE YOURSELF TO THE MISSION

2. Special studies on Scholastic Philosophy.
3. Catholic studies on Modern Philosophy.
4. Church History, in particular the Lives of the Popes by Pastor and by Mann.
5. Spiritual books.
6. Social sciences, approved works in Economics, Sociology and Education.
7. Science, modern works on Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Anthropology.
8. Literature, particularly the Cambridge History of American Literature and the Cambridge History of English Literature.
9. History, particularly the Cambridge Histories, Ancient, Mediaeval and Modern.

The two Maryknoll preparatory schools of Los Altos, California, and Cincinnati, Ohio, are also in need of books. The Maryknoll novitiate at Bedford, Mass., will welcome spiritual works.

In addition to these home needs, we could immediately place some thousands of books at our larger mission centers in the Far East. There is no category of books for



At Maryknoll College, *The Venard*, whence comes a most urgent appeal for 7,000 volumes to meet State requirements.

which we cannot find use. We have recently had calls for light fiction for missionaries on vacation and for detective stories for sick-room shelves. A call has come from the Maryknoll Sisters in Los Angeles for children's books.

Reviewing all our present requests, we find ourselves in need

of approximately 50,000 volumes. We shall make worth-while disposition of any book contribution from a single volume of seemingly inconsequential nature to carefully gathered collections.

There is nothing fleeting in the gift of a book. It takes its place in the serried ranks of the library, and long years after, Maryknollers, as they discover the donor's name on the book plate in the front, will remember him or her in benediction.

Have You Been Called?

"THE foreign mission field calls for workers who are young enough to adapt themselves to the customs, language, and climate of strange countries. More than this, the aspirant to an apostolic career should be prepared to represent the Church quite alone at times; he should be strong enough in character to meet and overcome disillusionment, the neglect of friends, the indifference and even ingratitude of his converts. He will receive consolations; but he must expect also the trials of one who follows Christ, denying himself daily. In other words, he must live Christ if he would present His Master to others."—Bishop James Anthony Walsh.



Photographer's phantasmagoria of the man of one book trying to convince himself that he has found something that isn't there.

CAUSE, AT LEAST DO WHAT YOU CAN—GENEROUSLY.



"Here," says Charlie Chin, "we have one of the secrets to the conversion of the Chinese—beefsteak. No missioner has done anything in my country yet without something to eat."

Sponsors and a Ladder

OUR list of sponsors grows. They are friends who undertake to support a missioner at one dollar a day, if not for 30 days monthly, for 15, 10, 5, or for even one day each month.

The following letter came to us recently from a gentleman in Massachusetts:

"God has seen fit to enlarge my income, and I can carry out my long cherished desire to assist you more substantially. I feel I should show my gratitude for the blessings I have received. I am enclosing my check for \$30 as first installment of an annual contribution of one dollar a day for the support of one of your members in the vineyard."

Most of our friends are not able to reach this level, but we are constantly hearing from more who are taking responsibility for a portion of a missioner's month. The number was particularly heavy during New Year's resolution days. The following is typical:

"On the first of every month of 1937 I intend to send to Maryknoll five dollars for five days' support of a Maryknoll priest in fields afar. I shall take care of this as I do other obligations. I am doing it in memory of my departed loved ones."

But particularly interesting is the young lady in Boston who sent us a drawing of her sponsor ladder. "This is my Maryknoll ladder, which I hope to climb in 1937. If I slip on any rung I hope you will help me get my foot-

ing again." The ladder was simple enough, as a ladder can well be. On the first rung is written "January \$1.00," on the second is "February \$2.00," on the third "March \$3.00," and so on up to the twelfth which reads "December \$12.00." This young lady is pledging

IN YOUR WILL DON'T overlook Maryknoll.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise, and bequeath unto the *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.* (Maryknoll's legal title), the sum of

Dollars.

This legacy to be used by the said *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.*, for the purposes for which it is incorporated.

herself to a total of \$78 for 1937, sponsoring a missioner for two and a half months. Our blessings, Miss Boston!

The Month's Garnerings

NOTABLE gifts have arrived during the month from Massachusetts, Colorado, Illinois, California, and Missouri. A priest in the Middle West

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy gifts which we have received from Thy bounty.

The Bounty Page

who wishes to remain anonymous sends help for training native converts in Peng Yang and Wuchow.

The seminarians of St. John's, Brighton, archdiocesan training school for the clergy of Boston, gathered the makings of a substantial check; and students of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, house of preparation for the Archdiocese of New York, made an important addition to their bursé.

We recommend stringless gifts, but we are always happy to transmit donations for individual missioners in the field. For the past month we find gifts on the list for Monsignor Lane, Monsignor Meyer, Fathers Byrne, Thomas Malone, Morris, Cairns, Mackesy, Joseph Sweeney, Francis Connors, and Craig.

Two legacies in California and New Jersey brought Masses, and small wills matured in Massachusetts, New York and West Virginia.

During the month friends in New Hampshire, New York and California took out annuities.

Providing for Native Priests

IT is interesting to find that three new Native Student burses, \$1,500 each, have reached us this month. One is from Ellen Flynn, of Roxbury, Mass., who sent in small contributions until she completed this fund as a memorial to her mother. The other two were from widely separate points, one in New York State, the other in the West.

The list of partially completed native clergy burses is as follows:

| | |
|---|----------|
| SS. ANN AND JOHN BURSE... | 1,475.00 |
| Blessed Sacrament Burse..... | 1,335.50 |
| Sacred Heart Club Burse..... | 1,300.00 |
| Our Lady of Lourdes Burse..... | 1,218.00 |
| Mater Admirabilis Burse..... | 1,083.00 |
| McQuillen-Blomer Memorial Burse | 1,000.00 |
| Margaret Mary Memorial Burse (Reserve) | 1,000.00 |
| Mary Mother of God Burse..... | 808.13 |
| Christ the King Burse, No. 2.... | 702.00 |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| Daly Memorial Burse (Reserved) | 500.00 |
| Maryknoll Academia Burse..... | 301.00 |
| St. Patrick Burse..... | 255.00 |
| Sacred Heart of Jesus—F. W. Burse | 200.00 |

Growing Burses

SEVERAL important additions to the burses now in the course of building reached us during the month. We have already mentioned the contribution of the Dunwoodie seminarians and note a worth-while check from Oregon.

At five percent a \$6,000 burse brings \$300 a year. Below is a list of the burses awaiting completion!

MAJOR SEMINARY BURSES

| | |
|---|----------|
| ST. ANTHONY BURSE..... | 4,904.46 |
| Mahan Memorial Burse | 4,630.85 |
| Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse..... | 4,200.00 |
| Dunwoodie Seminary Burse..... | 4,194.49 |
| Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse..... | 4,050.00 |
| Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse..... | 3,161.94 |
| St. Michael Burse, No. 1..... | 3,065.00 |
| N. M. Burse..... | 3,000.00 |
| Marywood College Burse..... | 2,882.00 |
| Bishop Molloy Burse..... | 2,851.00 |
| Byrne Memorial Burse..... | 2,800.25 |
| Holy Child Jesus Burse..... | 2,762.85 |
| Duluth Diocese Burse..... | 2,711.71 |
| Our Lady of Lourdes Burse..... | 2,284.63 |
| Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse..... | 2,266.19 |
| Archbishop Ireland Burse..... | 2,101.00 |
| St. Bernadette of Lourdes Burse..... | 2,000.09 |
| St. Dominic Burse..... | 1,904.19 |
| Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse..... | 1,738.06 |
| St. Agnes Burse..... | 1,455.88 |
| Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill..... | 1,402.55 |
| St. Francis Xavier Burse..... | 1,395.38 |
| St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse..... | 1,130.10 |
| St. John Baptist Burse..... | 1,121.21 |
| Manchester Diocese Burse..... | 1,000.00 |
| St. Boniface Burse..... | 1,000.00 |
| Detroit Diocese Burse..... | 885.00 |
| St. Rita Burse..... | 772.65 |
| St. Lawrence Burse..... | 673.25 |
| St. Joseph Burse, No. 2..... | 661.20 |
| Children of Mary Burse..... | 655.70 |
| St. Bridget Burse..... | 643.30 |
| Holy Family Burse..... | 583.25 |
| St. Joan of Arc Burse..... | 503.61 |
| The Precious Blood Burse (Reserved) | 500.00 |
| The Holy Name Burse..... | 481.65 |
| St. Jude Burse..... | 442.00 |
| St. John B. de la Salle Burse..... | 292.00 |
| All Saints Burse..... | 271.78 |
| Rev. George M. Fitzgerald Burse..... | 233.00 |
| St. John Berchmans Burse..... | 201.00 |
| Trinity "Wekanduit" No. 2 Burse..... | 200.00 |
| Jesus Christ Crucified Burse..... | 190.50 |
| Newark Diocese Burse..... | 157.00 |
| SS. Peter and Paul Burse..... | 150.00 |
| Queen of the Rosary Burse..... | 115.00 |
| St. Peter Burse..... | 100.07 |

PREPARATORY SEMINARY BURSES

| | |
|---|----------|
| IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE..... | 4,802.00 |
| Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved) | 4,525.00 |
| "C" BURSE II..... | 1,851.60 |
| Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse..... | 1,727.80 |
| Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos) | 1,444.95 |
| Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse..... | 1,001.00 |
| Our Lady's Circle Burse (Los Altos) | 1,000.00 |
| St. Michael Burse..... | 696.32 |
| St. Alloysius Burse..... | 690.10 |
| Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse (Los Altos) | 427.00 |
| St. Philomena Burse..... | 215.00 |
| Holy Ghost Burse..... | 133.00 |

THE mission fields and the homeland Knolls have many needs. If you cannot decide which need is greatest, make your Gift "Stringless." We prefer such.

Immaculate Conception Burse..... 119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse..... 114.00

Our Helpers Among the Clergy

In the January issue of THE FIELD AFAR we mentioned our need of 60,000 Masses yearly. "Should you have Masses to be said," our note read, "ascertain first if your parish priests have need of them; they have the first call. If they are supplied, think of Maryknoll."

We received the following cordial note signed by three priests in Chicago:

"The enclosed check for fifteen intentions is the result of your little article.

icle on Mass stipends in the current issue of THE FIELD AFAR. We consider the article a criterion of justice and fairness regarding the parish clergy and compliment you on your thoughtfulness. God bless your work."

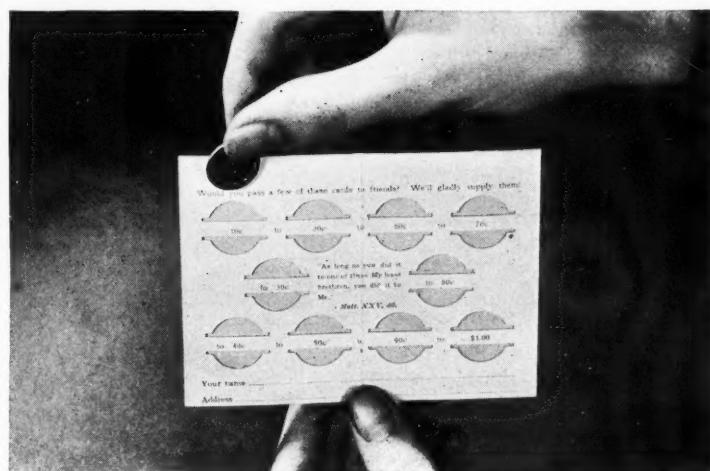
Needless to say, we were highly pleased. Whatever Maryknoll accomplishes for souls it wishes to achieve in cooperation with its fellow clergy of America.

Priests everywhere recognize this and receive us as their own. An example is the announcement made in the parish bulletin of a large city church recently:

"A Maryknoll Father speaks to us today," ran the announcement. "The parish has been visibly blessed for helping out these good Fathers. They are our kith and kin, giving to poor pagan souls the happiness we enjoy. We can join our offering with theirs and reap their reward in this divinest of works."

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The Maryknoll Fathers

Maryknoll, New York

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Name

Address

A PERPETUAL MEMBER AND SHARE IN THE REMARKABLE BENEFITS. WRITE US.

Our World of Missions



THE latest annual reports, those for 1936, just in from missionary China are excellent. This is not so much because actual results are great, but because the work is solidly and systematically organized and bids fair to continue with increasing returns so long as no overwhelming catastrophe hits China or the world.

These steadily increasing returns are quite noticeable in the number of converts made during the last six years. In 1931, 49,000 were recorded. The figure has grown by over 10,000 annually, and in 1936, there is the splendid total of 106,316 adults won to the Church.

There is nothing spectacular about the Holy See's methods of evangelization. Archbishop Zanin, a representative of the Pope dwelling in Peiping, provides the element of cohesion in our missionary undertakings in China: by correspondence, by reception of the Ordinaries, by visits throughout China, and by conferences with the leaders in each region (for example, a meeting of the Papal Delegate with the Ordinaries of South China took place at Canton, January 18-24).

The main feature of the task rests on fixing individual responsibilities. China has been divided like a checker board into 106 territories, each of which the Holy See has made the field of a religious community or of a group of secular clergy, each headed by a Bishop or Prefect, called the Ordinary. Priests are made responsible by their Ordinaries for certain areas; while they in turn give responsibility for one or more villages to lay teachers called catechists. The tiny rivulets of conversion created by the catechists under the captaincy of the missionaries flow into the current which today gives us the goodly stream, largest in China's history, of over 100,000 converts in a year. The Catholic body has now reached the three million mark.

Priests today in China are one-fifth as numerous as in the United States, totaling 4,552, three out of every five being foreign, the remaining two being Chinese. This is an increase of 243 in a year. Catechists total over 13,000.

Add to this direct work of conversion, the educational and charitable activities. Brothers and Sisters occupy themselves principally with this work. There are 1,263 Brothers, a jump of 96 in a year, with the majority Chinese; Sisters total 5,764, an increase of 333 in a year. Practically two-thirds of the latter are Chinese. They are helped by 15,000 school teachers.

There is something very reassuring in these well-formed ranks.

Another Papal Mission Message—

Pope Pius XI's message to Manila had a distinct missionary note to it. Our Holy Father expressed the hope that among the fruits of the Manila Congress may be "a daily increase of devotion to missions and enterprise for the promotion of missionary activity."

Later he said, "Let all your energies be bent to this goal: That your wandering brothers and all those 'who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death' may as soon as possible attain through Him to light, truth and life."

A Missionary Aunt—

Father Clarence Burns of bandit fame has still another privilege—a missionary aunt. The Sister of Father Burns' mother, Sister Hildegarde, was a member of the first mission band sent by the Dominican Sisters of St. Mary of the Springs, East Columbus, Ohio, to work in Fukien Province, territory of the American Dominican Fathers. Word has come of her death shortly after Christmas.

During the months of Father Burns'

WE must get the mission idea deeper in our educational system, so that it will sink into young minds through such courses as geography, history, literature, reading and essay writing, as well as through extra class efforts.—Bishop James Anthony Walsh.

Our note pages on men and things missionary

captivity, Sister Hildegarde was already ill and stormed heaven with her prayers for him. Immediately upon his release, Father Burns telegraphed to her, over a thousand miles away, of his plan to visit her, but the plans did not materialize in time.

May her beautiful sacrifice bring rich fruits to the soil of China. We send our condolences to her companions in Fukien.

Better Work for the Negro—

The Holy See recently congratulated the Commission for Catholic Missions among the Colored People and the Indians in the United States on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary. The message was, "Well done; now for something better!" It noted that we have hardly a quarter of a million Catholics among America's 12,000,000 Negroes.

In particular, it asked for more missionaries. The Holy See "confidently sends its appeal," the letter reads, "to all concerned with schools, and particularly to the religious institutes of women who so honor the Church in the United States by their zeal for the cause of religion. . . The Holy See would be greatly satisfied to see the religious institutes, especially those with a good number of houses, undertaking, as occasion offers, particularly in the South of the United States, some missions or schools for the Colored."

The Hierarchy on Missions—

It was encouraging to see the prominence given by the New York press to the Mission Sunday letter of Cardinal Hayes, which was read in all the pulpits of New York on January 17th. His Eminence cited missions as one of the instruments which are aiding the world Church to advance in spite of all her enemies, foremost among whom in this generation are Communists.

Bishop Gibbons also addressed a letter to the people of his Albany Diocese on Mission Sunday, January 24. "We can and we must be our brother's keeper," said Bishop Gibbons. "There could be no such prosperity as exists in the Church in our own country today, if it

had not been for the missionaries of old who brought the Faith to our forefathers. In the midst of what has justly been termed our luxuries of religion we cannot forget our obligations to provide at least the necessities of the Faith for our less fortunate brethren in Christ."

From the earnest advocacy of missions by so many of our hierarchy, important fruits are bound to come.

Congratulations!—

We congratulate "Jesuit Missions" on the recent celebration of its tenth birthday. It is a mouthpiece of all the mission work of the Society of Jesus, but particularly of the nine different fields cared for by the Jesuits of the United States and Canada.

During the Holy Year 1925, the heads of the 29 Jesuit provinces throughout the world met in Rome and, after their sessions, told the Holy Father that the Society had determined upon a still more intensive mission program. While at that time, one third of its members in certain provinces were in foreign fields, other provinces had not as yet been able to assume any mission responsibility. Henceforth, they explained, each province would have at least one

THE mission spirit is the spirit of Christ.

mission.

This intensification has gone forward and has witnessed sacrifices particularly on the part of the younger North American Provinces. Today, the Society supplies some 3,500 mission priests, Brothers and scholastics, of whom several hundred are from the United States and Canada.

New Leader for American Dominicans in China—

Father William F. Cassidy, O.P., S.T.L., recently appointed by the Holy See Superior of the Mission of Kienningfu, Fukien, is well known to Maryknollers in South China. He has been in the field since November of 1926, and is highly esteemed for his expert command of the Chinese language.

Father Cassidy is a native of Michigan City, Indiana. He is much respected for his uncommon ability and his clear vision. The field of the American Dominicans offers a more promising outlook now than it has for years. Good wishes to its workers, whom Maryknollers in the East always find pleasure in encountering.

Bostonian in North China—

There are very few Catholic American missionaries in North China. It is with special interest, therefore, that we welcome the arrival of a Bostonian, Father Paul Daly of the Stigmatine Fathers. He is to work with the European members of his Society in the Prefecture of Yihsien, Hopeh Province.

A Mission Education Problem—

Every once in a while someone writes an article on the fundamentals of systematic study of the missions and remarks that we are doing very little about it in English-speaking countries.

Here is a task for the American unit of the Missionary Union of the Clergy. The Missionary Union will have a limited income, but how excellent it would be if this income were employed to disseminate the mission idea through the printed word.

And while most of us are still such children in our mission interest that we wish to be entertained by what we read, a goodly number would probably be able to stand the solid meat of serious mission problems were they to be embodied in a quarterly review of mission thought. The Missionary Union should try the idea.

The Desire to Worship

The earnestness in prayer and readiness for sacrifice of many noble souls outside the Church prompt us to recall St. Augustine's assurance that all men are "naturally Christian" in their aspirations. They need but guidance to find Christ. The photo: members of a Shinto sect, Japan.



THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

"Our Children"



HEN, in 1934, young Father Marcus Chai, newly ordained and recently from Rome, came to the Maryknoll center before returning as a missionary to his own people in South China, he gave a talk to the Maryknoll Sisters. It was not merely an act of courtesy, or an informal presentation of observations on either East or West; it was the message of an apostolic man to colabors.

It was good for us, he said, to rescue the abandoned, to minister to the sick and the dying, to provide homes for the blind, the crippled and the aged, and to do all those other things which faith and love prompted us to do for his people. We should, however, fasten our attention not just on saving souls but on "building up the Church in China." To this point he returned again and again, reiterated it with emphasis which was familiarly Occidental and with gestures wholly Oriental. He seemed very young and earnest and to feel such an urge to make us understand.

The puzzlement his insistence on the vital importance of making this metaphysical distinction left in our minds is now resolving itself—especially since "our children" all over the world are beginning to grow up. In them is the meaning of his words made clear. As is often the way, we encounter truths in phrases, but realize them through persons. These "children grown" of ours are only, indeed, tendrils on the Vine; but they have within them the power and the purpose to grow to the full stature of Christ and with them and in them grows that Church which is their Mother.

Just within these past six months have come indications of their growth, of this "building up," in our own country as well as in the far East.

Until lately, Ralph Silva was a lively element in the classroom and on the playground at the Maryknoll School, Punahoa, Honolulu. He is now at the Maryknoll Junior Seminary at Los Altos and is looking forward to taking up the task of missionarying.

In South China, Theresa Ch'ien, not so long ago a student at Maryknoll Convent School in Kowloon, Hong



Rose Chue, the first abandoned baby saved and baptized by Father McShane. FIELD AFAR readers may remember having seen this picture ten years ago. Rose was then one of our sturdy laughing youngsters at the Loting orphanage.

Kong, has enlisted as a teacher with the Maryknoll Sisters in country Pingnam, distant by miles and character from any port city. To this young woman, Pingnam offers few chances for enjoyment but many occasions for doing good.

Nor was it long ago that little Sin Agatha, a gentle Korean lass who has been with our Sisters in Gishu for some years, finished, with the help of inter-

**The Autobiography of
Saint Therese**
50¢ and \$1.00
The Spirit of Saint Therese
90¢
(plus postage)

Sale-profits from both books go towards a foundation fund to establish Maryknoll's first Mission Cloister. Address: The Maryknoll Cloister, Maryknoll, N. Y.

ested members of the sodality, her trousseau and then invited the Sisters to visit and view this wondrous wedding outfit—so marvelous in its details and so alarming in its colors. Then, having chosen in accepted Oriental fashion one of the popular days for marriage, "a lucky day," she was married at a Nuptial Mass to one fine looking young Thomas. The event was celebrated first of all, by having her picture taken "*en famille*"—with young Thomas, and the Maryknoll Pastor and the Maryknoll Sisters. Later, in her small home behind the convent, she set out with her own hands the dainties of this her greatest feast, for some Sisters who came in neighborly fashion out of their back door to pay Sin Agatha a call. To the Koreans, who bring their Christianity so fully into their social life, expressing it in their greeting, "*Cham Jesu*," manifesting it in their predilection for prayers in common and by going in groups, like the Irish, to "wake" the Christian dead, a wedding reception, too, provides scope for some Christian truth or practice. So it is not extraordinary to have one of the relatives introduce the story of the Marriage Feast of Cana and tell animatedly of how Our Lord worked his first miracle for a bride and groom.

From Los Angeles we hear that the first girl to grow up in and marry from the Maryknoll Home now has her own little girl. The *home folks*, as home folks will, pronounce her "the pet of the nursery and the loveliest of them all, a real Japanese baby, with shiny black hair and eyes, and very good." But what adds to this delight is the deep joy of knowing that this little one has come not only into life but into Faith and bears the brave title of Christian womanhood, "Mary."

Last but not least, there is Rose Chue, the first abandoned baby to be saved and baptized by Father McShane of

Maryknoll. Not only the Sisters with whom she lived, but readers of THE FIELD AFAR, too, have seen the wee and frequently camera-caught Mooi Kwai become a sturdy laughing youngster. With instinct both womanly and Christian, she soon began to mother the little ones who came after her and were smaller and weaker than she. Rose grew up into such smiling and sweetfaced maidenhood that her pagan family, who were well-to-do and had abandoned her because they believed she was born at an unlucky time and would bring them misfortune, sought and failed to win her back. The Loting tiny tots regarded her with mingled worship and love.

To us "grown-ups" it seems so short a time ago that Christ looked on Mooi Kwai and said "Suffer the little children . ." Now she is old enough to understand His "Follow me." Her answer has taken her to Kongmoon to the Mary Immaculate Sisterhood under



Rose with her best smile and a happy heart bids farewell to the other orphans at Loting. She has now grown old enough to understand Christ's "Follow Me" and is bound for Kongmoon where she will become a Sister of Mary Immaculate.

the direction of the Maryknoll Sisters. All who saw her go caught some of the radiance of her own happiness and the beautiful significance of her departure. Even the children, disconsolate at the loss of their Number One, would not call out after her to come back. They dug their knuckles into their mouths and eyes and saved the larger share of their tears for the night and their austere little beds.

—S. J. M.

Mission Assignments

SPRING, the season of beginnings, finds two more missions on the growing list of the Maryknoll Sisters' houses in the Far East.

At last the Sisters have reached Sancian, that tiny island of great significance where the master missionary, St. Francis Xavier, died. Sancian's pastor, "Father Sandy" Cairns, has long wanted their help in approaching the women of his backward and difficult flock. Though the Community members exactly two, this has meant a sacrifice for the center at Hong Kong as well as for the small mission of Yeungkong. However, both are looking for-

ward hopefully to receiving replacements from the Motherhouse as soon as this is possible.

While in distant Japan inquiries were being made about the date of the opening of the proposed sanatorium for tubercular patients at Otsu, and two thousand yen of the town treasury were being appropriated for the building of a road to the property, assignments were made at the Motherhouse, Maryknoll, for the sanatorium staff: Sister Mary Rachel Jackson, of Mansfield, Ohio, *Superior*; Sister M. Edward Diener, of Cucamonga, California; Sister Marie Barat Hatsumi, of Tokyo, Japan; Sister Maria Hostia Bruns, of St. Louis, Missouri; Sister Eleanor Francis Andrews, of Cambridge, Mass.

After a short period of observation at Monrovia Sanatorium to complete the training of several of their number, the Sisters are sailing for Japan and hope to begin their work during the month of May.

Maryknoll Sisters—

is the popular designation of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. (legal title). In its origin the community goes back to the early days of Maryknoll. The Holy See gave its final approval in 1920. Mother Mary Joseph is the Mother General, heading the present body of 435 professed Sisters, 59 novices, and 16 postulants. There are 246 Sisters in overseas mission work, 46 working among Orientals in America, and 73 are engaged by the Maryknoll Fathers in administration work and in domestic work in their seminaries.

Central Addresses—

Motherhouse and administration: *Maryknoll, N. Y.*
Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
South China: 103 Austin Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.
Shanghai, China: *Mercy Hospital, Pei Chiao, Near Ming Hong.*
Manchukuo: *Tenshudo, Dairen, Manchukuo.*
Korea: 257 Sangsukuri, Tenshudo, Heijo, Korea.
Philippines: *St. Mary's Hall, Manila, P. I.*
Hawaii: 1722 Dole St., Honolulu



A Max Reinhardt Production

April 17

Manhattan Opera House
34th St. and 8th Ave., N. Y. C.

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the Maryknoll Sisters

Tickets: \$2; \$3; \$3.50; \$4; \$5;

may be obtained at—

The Sisters' Motherhouse, *Maryknoll, N. Y.*

Mrs. Paul Devlin, 300 Central Park W., N. Y. C.

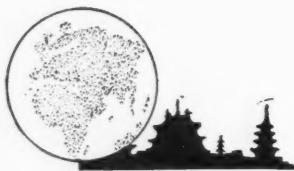
Miss Mary Tomoney, Hotel Seville, 29th St. Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Mr. Paul Cogan, Room 3049, Grand Central Term., N. Y. C.

Mr. Paul Devlin, 111 Broadway, N. Y. C.

St. Andrew's Church, 27 Duane St., N. Y. C.

AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY.



To Priests and Teachers

AT a gathering of priests in New York recently, Father Gannon, President of Fordham University, explained that one of his most prized possessions is a letter from a young priest on his ordination day thanking him for the part he had played in guiding him to the altar and to the foreign missions. The friendship, Father Gannon said, was born in a Fordham classroom when he was a young scholastic. Today, Father Gannon finds great happiness in conceiving the labors of this missioner in China as in a way his own labors.

From the President of Fordham many a priest and teacher may steal an idea; other sonships in Christ may be born.

Schoolboy generations, like spring tides, ride vigorously to the full and burst through their gates into ardent career. The teacher stays behind. But into the achievements of the pupil goes a very real part of the teacher. Indeed, this is one of the few consolations of those who spend their lives governing classrooms.

We like to feel that many teachers are planting the ideal of the

Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau

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3. **Entertainment and Lecture Section—** offers some twenty-five plays, mission movies and stereopticon lectures. Write for catalogue.
4. **School Section—** is at the service of all primary and secondary school teachers. Father Chin who heads this section endeavors to interest the children in missions through the Maryknoll Junior Club and our young folks' magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*.
5. **Reference and Research Service—** will provide you with bibliographies, subject reading references, statistics, photos and general mission information.

world apostolate. We shall be happy to cooperate with them in any way that lies within our power, and shall gladly forward to any teacher, books, pamphlets, or complimentary copies of THE FIELD AFAR, so that this labor of sowing may be accomplished.

A very practical little medium for spreading the mission idea is the pamphlet "Maryknoll on the March." Mention to us on a post

card your vocational hopes and we shall gladly forward you half a dozen copies, or more if you have use for them.

Maryknoll Play Library

WITH the arrival of this issue of THE FIELD AFAR, teachers will once more be wrestling with the annual problem, "What shall we do for Commencement?"

Many schools, the elementary in particular, have set aside the old, familiar all-grade program in favor of a single play to augment the customary presentations and speeches at Commencements. Thus, the program is divided in half: the first part features the graduates; the second consists of a play given by the other classes—the school's offering to the graduates. This obviates much of the strain felt not only by the young people, whose special day it is, but more so by their teachers.

The Maryknoll Play Library offers a variety of plays suitable for Graduation or Class Day presentation. Fairy tales make delightful commencement plays because they may be easily staged and usually present a moral lesson in an attractive manner. We have sev-

PLAYS FOR OUR LADY'S MONTH

*Maryknoll Play Library
Maryknoll, N. Y.*

Mysteries of The Rosary

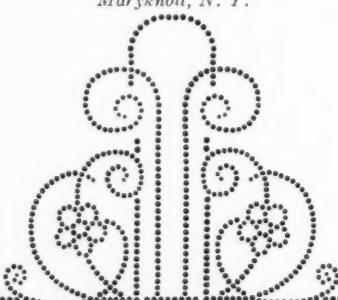
A set of three short plays dramatizing three mysteries of the Rosary in a novel manner. These playlets may be given individually, or all three may be presented at one performance. For a more elaborate presentation a prologue, in which children represent the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, has been provided. For primary and grammar grades.

Four copies for \$1.00

The Confidante of Mary

Based on the life of St. Bernadette, this play presents a vivid portrayal of the miracle at Lourdes. Gayety and humor intersperse the more serious theme of this play, whose fiesta scene provides an exploitation for many characters. Suitable for schools, colleges, sodalities.

Four copies for \$1.00



GIVE WHAT YOU HAVE TO SOMEONE; IT MAY

eral of these, including two from the Japanese. We are also able to serve those who desire plays, which though not heavy, have a religious touch. There is a play for an all-female cast; and several for all-male casts which latter should prove helpful to directors in schools for boys or young men. High Schools and Colleges will find plays for their needs in our catalogue, nor have we forgotten the elementary schools which still prefer the old method of grade performance. For these, we have several very short plays, which may easily be learned by even the youngest.

If you are having difficulty with your Commencement program write to us, or send for our catalogue of plays. Address:

*The Maryknoll Play Library,
Maryknoll P.O., New York.*

Scrap Books

MENCIUS says: "To see once is better than to hear a hundred times." To hear of the wonders of distant lands is well and good, but to catch glimpses of those fascinating places is even better, even though the glimpses be mere snapshots or pictures. In the study of Geography especially, scrap books made by students, either as individual or group projects, furnish the desired sight-seeing tours and increase interest and activity in study. Discarded copies of magazines and newspapers, even old greeting cards often supply ample material for such scrap books. Besides these sources, we offer pictures of peoples, customs, etc., in South China, Korea, the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, Manchukuo and Japan. If any of our mission countries here named are subjects of your Geography class study now, we urge you to get in touch with Father Chin, even though the Mission Scrap Book Contest which Father Chin is sponsoring does not interest you. Father Chin is willing to part with plenty of human interest pictures and oriental information to supplement your teaching of Asia.

Father Chin's Mission Scrap Book Contest

Closes May 15th.

Open to girls and boys under eighteen.

Contest Rules

1. Pictures, snapshots, news clippings used in Mission Scrap Books may include any or all *mission countries*—peoples, customs, etc.

2. Mission Scrap Books may be any size and may have any type cover—stiff, flexible, etc. Any kind of paper of durable quality may be used for pages.

3. Each Mission Scrap Book entered must bear the name, age, address, class, and name of school of sender.

4. Neatness and order will be taken into consideration in awarding PRIZES.

5. Any number of Mission Scrap Books may be submitted by one person.

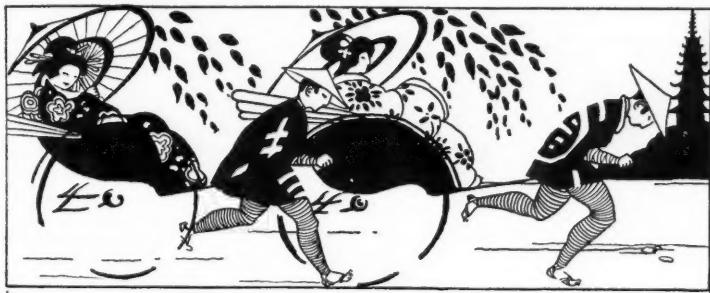
6. All entries must be in Father Chin's Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., by May 15th.

7. Specify when sending if the Mission Scrap Books are to be returned or sent to mission orphans; postage for this purpose should be enclosed with Mission Scrap Books.

8. Winners of Contest will be announced on this Page in September issue.

Prizes for: The most *original*, the most *attractive*, and the best "all-round" Mission Scrap Book.

If you are looking for material with which to start off, write to Father Chin's Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., NOW!



A TOUR OF THE ORIENT

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and a general view of mission problems and works in the Orient.

Twenty-one Pamphlets
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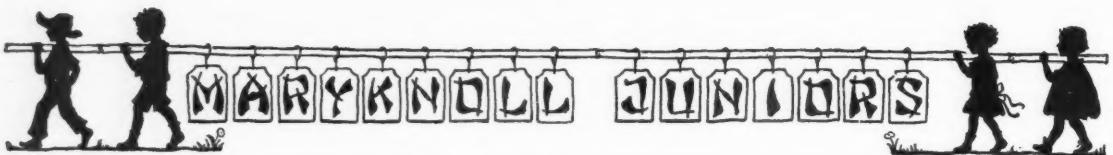
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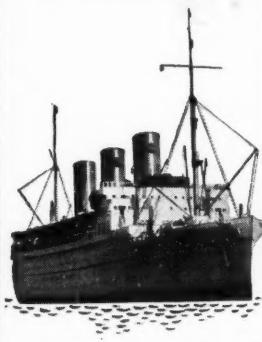
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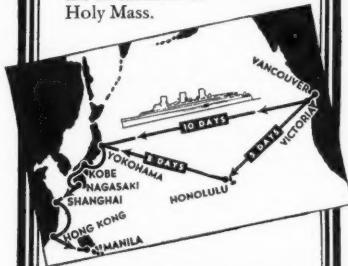
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